THE

Counterfeit Bridegroom:

OR THE

Defeated Widow.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at

His Royal Highnels

THE

Dukes Theatre.

Licenſed *Octob.* 4th. 1677. *ROGER L'ESTRANGE.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Langley Curtiſs* in *Goat-Court* upon *Ludgate-Hill*, 1677.

THE

PROLOGUE

Spoke by *Mrs. Currar.*

WHo have we here. fine Sparks, faith Sirs I fear
You'l not be pleas'd with our Vacation Chear;
Why, what a Devil make you now in Town
I'th' Mall, *the* Park, *and* Play-houſe *Cloaths were ſhown,*
Down, down to th' Countrey, there ſhow the Gay Baboon;
Cloris, *and* Celia *do expect ye there,*
To th' honeſt Tradeſmen leave this time o'th' year,
Who, (while their Wives (good men) are gone to meet
Some of you Sirs i'th' Countrey here can ſit
Wonderouſly pleas'd with our Vacation Treat.
But ſince againſt the Rules of Gallantry
Ye keep in Town, faith take your Chance for me;
Huff, Damn and Swear, if you think good—but then
Expect a bruſh fro'th' Trading Gentlemen,
For 'tis their time t' approve or to Condemn:
You'l ſay, 'tis hard, you cannot be allow'd
To Judg, and cenſure with the Common Crowd;
Nay to be bar'd from damning, ſwearing too,
When, here, you've hardly little elſe to do,
Since Vizards are grown ſcarce:——might I adviſe,
If you will come, let 't be in ſome diſguiſe,
With Coat, Short wig, and Colbertein Crevat,
With greaſy Gloves, and the broad flapping hat,
Then freely ye may give the Play its Fate;
But if you boldly will Uſurp their Right,
And huffing damn the Play out of meer ſpight,
'Cauſe it affords not you debaucht delight,
You juſtly may expect that They will ſwear
Vacation Pocket *'tis, that keeps you here;*
And Play *at Half a Crown does now prove Dear.*

The Persons Names.

By

Sir *Oliver Santloe*——Mr. *A. Leigh.*

Peter Santloe——His Son——Mr. *Bowman.*

Mr. *Sanders*——Mr. *Gilloe.*

Mr. *Noble*——Brother to Mrs. *Hadland*——Mr. *Crosby.*

Mr. *Hadland*——Mr. *Williams.*

Sir *Gregory Lovemuch*——Mr. *Persival.*

Mr. *Gazer*—An Astrological old Fool—Mr. *Norris.*

Mr. *Noddy*——A Country Squire——Mr. *John Lee.*

Sam——Sir *O. Santloe*'s Man——Mr. *Richards.*

A Dutch Boy.

WOMEN.

Lady *Santloe*——Mrs. *Norris.*

Clarina——Mrs. *Gibbs.*

Widow *Landwell*——Mrs. *Osborne.*

Eugenia——Mrs. *Le-Grand.*

Mrs. *Hadland*——Mrs. *Currar.*

Musicians, Singers, Dancers——&c.

The SCENE,

LONDON.

THE Counterfeit Bridegroom: OR THE Defeated Widow.

Act the First. Scene the First.

Scene *the Street.*

Enter Peter Santlow, *and* Sam.

P. S. I Am at my Wits ends, *Sam.*

Sam. Faith Sir, like a kind Friend, I'm following you as faſt as I can.

P. S. My Wife will be forc't from me, my pleaſure, my delight.

Sam. How ſhall we help it, Sir, dull, dull dogg as I am, my invention was never ſo gravell'd ſince I firſt ſet out upon't.

P. S. But this is not all my miſery—for I am branded with the breach of Friendſhip: for *Sanders* do's ſuſpect that I make Love to his Miſtreſs the Widows Neece *Eugenia*; when Heav'n knowes, 'tis my Father that works againſt the peace of both our ſpirits, and courts her for me.

Sam. Let him go on, Sir, She'l hardly yield to an Old Man's Courtſhips, eſpecially when ſhe finds you appear not in it—but Sir, here's Mr. *Sanders* with looks as melancholy and angry as a Looſeing Bulley of *Marribone.*

Enter Sanders.

Sand. My treacherous Rival there! draw Sir—

P. S. What means my Friend?——

Sand. Not a word, but defend thy life.

P. S. I'le dye before I'll draw againſt the man that I love; what reaſon?——

Sand. Thy Perjuries have blotted out the name of Friend, and out of Cowardiſe you endeavour to excuſe an act, not Heav'n it ſelf can pardon, much leſs I,—but thus I will repay thy falſhood. [*Runs at him*—Sam. *ſteps between.*

Sam. Hold, hold, Sir,—here's like to be fine work—Pray hear him firſt before you kill him, Sir,—upon my life, your anger is in an Error all this while; for 'tis my young Maſters Injury and not yours, you would kill him for——Come Sir, I muſt have ye friends, a pox on weapons——Mr. *Sanders* your hand, Sir,— } Sam. *takes* Sanders *by one* Now yours, Sir,—So, ſo—— } *hand, and* P.S. *by t'other, and* Now all's right again: This is } *ſhakes e'm.*

a new way of reconciling Friends, which I learnt the other day among the Town Blades——

Sand. Th'art a mad Slave.

P. S. Now *Sam*, tell him the Secret, which none knowes but your ſelf and I, and he will confeſs he has wrong'd the patience of his Friend.

Sam. Be patient then and attend——You muſt know, Sir, That about Seven Years ſince my Lady, his Mother, went over to *Flanders*, to coop the Young Chick his Siſter in a Nunnery, ſhe then being about Nine Years old; but on the Road to *Antwerp*, they met Thieves, were robb'd, ſtript, and parted; for the Kites convey'd the Young One away, and left the Old one to cackle over her loſs.

Sand. Strange accident!

Sam. From which time they were not heard off, till about Three Months ſince, News came of all had paſt, in a Letter from the Mother, who was then but in an ill condition at *Colone*, for thither ſhe had wandred to find out her Daughter, but deſpairing of that, ſhe ſent over for Money to bring her home with——My Old Maſter no ſooner heard of the Sum, but told it out, gave it him, and ſent us over; but we unfortunately calling at *Antwerp* by the way, a little Gypſie at an Inn, had ſo look't her ſelf into his heart, that the Mother was forgot, and he doated ſo, that he brought her over, and this day marry'd her, but pretends it is his Siſter; for which ſhe now paſſes with the Old Man.

Sand.

Sand. But how came you off concerning her Mother?

Sam. With a Tale of my own deviſing, That about 3 Years ſince ſhe dyed at a little Village within Two Leagues of *Antwerp*.

Sand. Let me admire thee—and withal confeſs my groundleſs Jealouſie.

P.S. Which thus I pardon—and renew our former friendſhip—— [*They Embrace.*

Sam. But here's the Devil on't, my Old Maſter concluding her his Daughter, has found out a Match for her, an Old Rank Fox, one *Gazer*.

Sand. What he that woes by the Almanack? obſerves the Full and Change oth' Moon, and makes it his buſineſs to conform all his actions and deſigns to the Influence of the Planets?

P.S. The very ſame, he will not ſhave his Beard, clip his Nails, nor cut a Corn before he has conſulted *Erra Pater*, whether it be a lucky day or no.

Sam. Even he, becauſe the Fool demands no portion—but if my skill fail not, I ſhall give him the Go-by.

Sand. As how, good *Sam?*

P. S. Honeſt Rogue ſay how.

Sam. Thus—when the Fool's caſhier'd, as that he ſhall be, I'le tell my Old Maſter, that you admire his Daughter, and your Love's ſo great, that provided you might have her, you'd take her without a farthing—— it's no ſooner heard, but the bait is ſwallow'd, you are admitted, and the Match concluded.

P.S. But how will you ſhift off the Marriage?

Sam. I have a Trick for that too—and each ſhall have his own—— and both being lodg'd in one houſe, as 'tis his pride to have his Childrens Children got ſucceſſively, on his fore-fathers Beds——in the Day time to pleaſe the Old Man, ye may dally and print a kiſs on the wrong Lip, and no harm in't; for Brothers and Siſters may do't: But for the Night, let each know his own buſineſs, and there I'le leave you.

Sand. Honeſt Rogue, how I applaud thy Witt.

P.S. See, my Father's coming—let us retire——

Sam. About it ſtraight, my Maſter's time is precious—— and let me alone with my Old Maſter——

Sand. P.S. *Exeunt.*

 Manet

Manet Sam. *To him Sir* Oliver Santlow.

Sir *O.* How now Sirrah, does the Love-buſineſs go well between the Young Ones?

Sam. Between your Son, and Mris. *Eugenia* the Line is Even, Sir——

Sir *O.* And ſhall I be a Grandſire then?

Sam. Oh queſtionleſs, Sir—— but Sir methinks there's no proportion between that Equinoctial and my Young Miſtreſs *Clarina.*

Sir *O.* You mean *Gazer*: why the better Man, the better.

Sam. How Sir, are you glad there's no proportion in't?

Sir *O.* Yes marry am I Sir; for I would have you to know, I hate all words that end in portion—for I'le give her nothing.

Sam. Say you ſhould not, Sir, as I'le ne're urge your Worſhip againſt your Nature—— is there no Gentleman (think you) of Worth and Credit, that will not open his Bed to warm a plump, handſome, charming naked Lady? believe me, Sir, there are Thouſands in this Town wou'd be glad of ſuch Service; nay, and wou'd give Money rather then not be ſo employ'd.

Sir O. Say you ſo? then they ſhall give me money for my Girl, or they ſhall go without her.

Sam. Yes, they do give, keep, and treat, but not marry Sir, which I ſuppoſe you are for.

Sir O. For quoth I? my Daughter ſhan't be a Whore, no not to get money, which is the beſt plea the Jades of the Town have for their lewdneſs, and in troth I love wealth ſo, that in my conſcience had I bin a Maid, I had turn'd Strumpet mearly for mony ſake.

Sam. A Smiting one 'yfaith —— but Sir methinks there's a great inequality in years — Mr. *Gazer* is too old in conſcience for my young Miſtreſs.

Sir O. You lye Sirrah — he is but fifty five years of diſcretion, and will make a Staid Husband.

Sam. As tame as a Drone that has loſt his ſting——but Sir, under correction, I fear he is paſt getting of Children, which young Women love extreamly, and I ſhould be loath my young Miſtris ſhould lye fallow before ſhe has yielded fruit.

Sir O. Sarrah do not provoke me to wrath — not he get Children, when 'tis well known that a tough old Fox of Three-

ſcore

ſcore and Nine got a Girl of ten with Child —— but however ſhould he prove impotent, it would be the better I ſay ſtill.

Sam. Would you not be a Grandfather by your Daughter, Sir?

Sir O. No Sir — my Son will make me that, and ſhould my Daughter too, 'twould undoe me, double charges *Sam.* double charges.

Sam. Then I know a young Gentleman, between you and I Sir, as impotent as an *Eunuch*, that has all the paſſions of Love, but incapable of Action; beſides he has a great Eſtate.

Sir O. How ſay you? a rich *Eunuch*? what a bleſſings that! and is he in Love with my Girl! bleſſing on bleſſing — name him, honeſt Varlet, who is it?

Sam. Mr. *Sanders*, Sir.

Sir O. How, Mr. *Sanders*? — why Sirrah, had not he laſt Seſſion a Baſtard laid to his Charge, for which he was fined twenty Pounds.

Sam. True Sir, but 'twas his Footmans Baſtard, which he only Fathered, for his credit; the caſe of many Blades now a days to keep up reputation.

Sir. O. But he'l have a portion too.

Sam To my knowledge not, Sir; alas he has a vaſt Eſtate already, which he intends to ſettle on your Daughter, and then Sir when he dyes 'twill all come to your Family.

Sir O. Art ſure of that?

Sam. He told me ſo himſelf Sir, and ſaid likewiſe, he would leave all to your Diſcretion.

Sir O. Nay then it's my own, and the Devil a penny he gets of me.

Sam. Sir ſhall I fetch him, ere it be too late; for he's ſo raving Mad, that ſhortly he'le either be in *Bedlam*, or break his neck off ſome Steeple.

Sir O. Now bleſs the young mans griſtles, I ſhould be loath to looſe ſuch an Eſtate, and ſee a begging Courtier go away with what might have been mine — therefore prithee find him out that I may pronounce words of conſolation to him — before he be paſt all recovery; for I would not looſe the bleſſing of an *Eunuch* Husband for my Daughter, for the World ——

Sam. But Sir you'l ſend the Gull, the weathercock going Firſt?

Sir

Sir O. Presently, instantly, my Daughter shall not be his *Ephemeris*, since I can Prognosticate a happier Fortune for my Girl; prithee *Sam*, about it man, and bring Mr. *Sanders* to me ——

Sam. But Sir, take no notice for the World, that he is an *Eunuch*.

Sir O. Not a word, begon, begon man —— [Sam. *Exit.*

Enter Gazer.

Gaz. Let me see, let me see, what comfort gives my Almanack to day ——

Luck I beseech thee, good dayes evil dayes, *June*, *July*, *August*, speak a word for me now, the Girl's my own; let me see the Eighth day between Hawk and Buzzard, (I remember I was drunk then) the Ninth day on a slippery pin, the Tenth day the Markets marr'd, the Eleventh day against the hare—— against the hare! a pox on the hare, wou'd it had bin left out, had it been against any thing but the hare, I had not valued it—— however I'le try the fortune of a good face, tho my Almanack leaves me in the Sudds.

Sir *O.* Mr. *Sanders* and an Eunuch too! —well, 'tis a prodigious Match! nay I thought I should have good luck to day, because I rise with my butt end formost this morning as they say.

Gaz. Oh here's my Father-in-Law that must be, Sir *Oliver* your most dutiful Son-in-law and Servant.

Sir *O.* An Eunuch! by Gogmagog he's happier then all the Whoring Gallants of the Town.

Gaz. How? an Eunuch! I scorn your words, Sir, 'tis well known I have three chopping Bastards at Nurse—— but, Sir *Oliver*—— Sir *Oliver Santloe*——

Sir *O.* Oh, Mr. *Moon-Calf*, are you there? prithee depart, for I am very busie at present——

Gaz. When shall I wait on you then, Sir?——

Sir *O.* Why, let me see, about a quarter of a year hence——

Gaz. A quarter of a year hence? what shall I come in *September* or *October*?

Sir *O.* No Sir, nor in *November* neither, good my Friend——

Gaz. You are not mad, Knight? you will not let your Daughter hang past *August*, will you? if Sir you do, she'l soon drop under the Tree, for she's no winter fruit I'le assure you——

Sir *O*

Sir *O.* By Gog and Magog 'tis no matter for that, my daughter is not fruit for your tooth—— therefore be not impertinent, but march off——

Gaz. Your Promiſe is paſt——

Sir *O.* A fart for Promiſes—— I tell you y'are troubleſome ——what think you I'le marry my daughter to a Planter of the Skyes, pray what Settlement will you make, of the 12 Planets, and once a year they march out of your Lordſhip; I'le not beſtow my daughter on one who can make no Joynture, but of Caſtles in the Air——

Gaz. But I have an Eſtate——

Sir *O.* For ought I know 'tis one by Conjuration, and the Charm may be out if you dye, and when my Girl thinks ſhe's on ſubſtantial Land, may find her ſelf in the midſt of an *Iriſh* Bogg—— in ſhort, Sir—— you ſhall have none of my daughter——

Gaz. Then may the Devil choak ye with Money, and may a Fidler run away with your daughter, not have your daughter? a Pox on your daughter. Adieu, Sir; now for my Widow, I'le never leave an open hearted Widow for a narrow ey'd Maid agen: go out of the Road-way like an Aſs to leap over Hedge and Ditch—— I'le fall into the beaten Road agen, and invite the Widow home to a Banquet and make amends for my neglect of not waiting on her yeſterday——

My Almanack told me true, how I ſhou'd fare:
Let no man think to ſpeed againſt the Hair. [*Exit.*

Sir *O.* So, he's gone, may all the Stars by whatſoever Titles they are dignified and diſtinguiſht look a skew upon all his Enterpriſes——

Oh luckey Rogue, ha'ye brought Mr. *Sanders*—— he looks ſo ſad, he grieves my very Soul, poor Fool——

Enter Sanders *and* Sam.

Sam. Sir, there's the old Gudgeon, now catch him neatly and your buſineſs is done.

Sir *O.* Oh, Mr. *Sanders*, what you are in love it ſeems; One might gueſs by your hanging look you are poſſeſt with that troubleſome ſpirit——

Sand. I am ſo, Sir——

Sir *O.* For my daughter——

Sand.

Sand. True, Sir——

Sir *O.* And you'd kill your ſelf for her——

Sand. My Life will be a burden if I have her not——

Sir *O.* In good time, Sir—— but then you expect no Portion?

Sand. Something by which you do acknowledge her your daughter, Sir——

Sir *O.* Acknowledge her your daughter! what a wheedling Phraſe was that to get Money—— but 'twont do—— in a word, Sir, if you like, love, and will marry my Girl without a Portion ſo, if not—— Lord have mercy upon you, and ſo go hang your ſelf.

Sam. How dexterouſly he wheedles himſelf into the nooſe. [*Aſide.*

Sand. But, Sir, if you'l beſtow no Portion, you'l give her Cloaths and Wedding-dinner——

Sir *O.* Yes that I will, Sir, and more; you ſhall board in my Houſe *gratis* for three Years, if that will do: look out no further, for I'le reprieve you from your grinning deſtiny——

Sand. Then thus I joyfully return my acknowledgments for your kind compliance, and admire your judgment and diſcretion, for a Woman's Virtue is the richeſt Dower ſhe can poſſeſs——

Sir *O.* Now I love thee for thy wiſdom, riſe, riſe, and a Bleſſing on you both——

Enter Young Santlow.

How now Son, whither ſo faſt——

P. S. To viſit my Miſtris, Mr. *Sunſet*'s daughter, Sir——

Sir *O.* A good Boy—— ply it hard both of ye; theſe young Sluts are as skittiſh as unbackt Colts——Do ye hear, agree't ſo ſoon as poſſible, and one day, one dinner ſhall ſerve for both. [P. S. *and* Sand. *Exeunt.*

How ſoon my Joyes for my Girles good Fortune have drown'd the Sorrow for my Wife's Loſs—— well 'twas a good Soul ——but why ſhould I grieve, ſince I enjoy her Picture in my daughter——

Enter

Enter Boy.

How now, the News with you, Sirrah——

Boy. A *Dutch* Merchant, Sir, deſires to ſpeak with you——

Sir *O.* With me? what ſhou'd his buſineſs be tro——I have a Couſin in *Holland*, perhaps ſome News from him, the old buſineſs, ſome Firkins of Butter with Counterfeit Farthings, but tho the gain may be great, yet by *Gog Magog* I'le be no Traytor I, ſo I'le roundly tell him—— [*Sir* O. Boy, *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Hadland *with a Letter. Sir* Gregory Lovemuch *diſguis'd like a Porter.*

Mrs. *Hadl.* Well I muſt be reveng'd on this impertinent Leacher, he will not be repuls'd, yet in ſpight of poverty and all its curſt attendance of Calamities, I'le keep my Virtue ſtill, and my pretious Sir, the Goat, will appear under the Aſs's skin—— [*aſide.*

Sir *G. L.* Thus far I am proſperous, Love, if it be thy will make her comply: Poverty! thou bleſt Bawd of Love, confute her ſullen Virtue, make her yield, and then I'm happy—— [*aſide.*

Now, Madam, what anſwer ſhall I give to the Worſhipful Knight that ſent me?

Mrs. *H.* I'le comply ſeemingly till I have an opportunity to be reveng'd for his unlawful Sollicitations. [*aſide.*

Friend, you may tell Sir *Gregory*, That the ſmall Favour which in his Letter he requeſts was no ſooner read but granted——

Sir *G. L.* Oh divine Beauty! letme embrace my Treaſure——

[*Diſcovers himſelf.*

Mrs. *H.* Sir *Gregory Lovemuch* in the Habit of a Porter, it amazes me.

Sir *G. L.* Oh Madam, Love, Love has a thouſand ways to diſcover it ſelf and its Deity—— and this was mine—— ſpeak, Madam, and with the harmonious ſound make me all rapture, new create me Young, ſay, ſhall I enjoy that mighty Bleſſing I have ſo long toyl'd and labour'd for?

Mrs. *H.* I will conſider further of it, Sir——

Sir *G. L.* Oh dally not with time, my fair, let us now im-

prove this bleſt time of your Husband's abſence—I met him at the Temple, I ſuppoſe—gone to his Lawyer's Chamber—

Mrs. *H.* Very right Sir——

Sir *G. L.* Shall we, ſhall we withdraw then to your Chamber?——fair one?

Mrs. *H.* And wrong my Husband, and the Widow whom you are about to Marry? 'twoud be unkindly done of me——

Sir *G. L.* I marry her Wealth, not Perſon——when I've the Bleſſing of her Eſtate, it ſhall be at your Command, I marry her only to ſupply my Purſe.

Mrs. *H.* I muſt confeſs 'twill be a home revenge upon her, for ſhe now enjoys my Eſtate, which her Husband by Knaviſh practiſes, couzen'd my Father of juſt before he dyed——

Sir *G. L.* That's my deſign to force her make a reſtitution of your Eſtate; for all, all ſhe has you ſhall be ſole Commandreſs of——

Mrs. *H.* Your Promiſes are great——

Sir *G. L.* The performance too ſhall be ſo, her golden ſhowers ſhall fall into your lap, and one kiſs ſhall ranſom ineſtimable Jewels from their impriſonment of her Cabinet; come, come, my ſweet, let me partake of the boundleſs bliſs of Love.

Mrs. *H.* Let me a while conſider Sir——

Sir *G. L.* Time enough to conſider when we have taſted of Love's pleaſing banquet, and this minute loſt may be ominous for the future.——

Mrs. *H.* I ask but one days time, Sir *Gregory* then, let the reſt be yours.

Sir *G. L.* Happy, happy I, 'tis granted Madam; one kiſs, my Dear, and then I'm gone—— [*kiſs her.*

Oh how divinely does ſhe kiſs! [*Aſide.*

So great a gift muſt be thus rewarded—— [*Gives her a Ring.*

Mr. *H.* Within Wife, Sweet heart, where are you?

Mrs. *H.* Oh Heav'ns, Sir *Gregory*, my Husband! ſhould he find you here?—

Sir *G. L.* Fear nothing, Madam, the Devil can't know me in this diſguiſe.

Mrs. *H.* He's come as I cou'd wiſh—— Sir *Gregory*, let me prevail with you to ſtep into my Cloſet; for ſhou'd he come and

and ſee you here, I am ſo young a Sinner, my guilt wou'd quickly betray me.

Sir *G.* Do with me what you pleaſe—I wiſh I were well off.—— [*She locks Sir* G. *into a Cloſet.*

Enter Mr. Hadland.

Mrs. *H.* Now, my Dear, what comfort does the Law afford, ſhall werecover our loſt Eſtate, or are we doom'd to eternal Poverty?

Mr. *H.* 'Tis paſt retrieve, Sweet heart, —— the Fox was too ſubtle for us; but I am reſolv'd to attempt ſomething ſhall either end my life, or redeem our Eſtate——

Mrs. *H.* 'Tis not thereabout yet, Husband, deſpair not, for I have thought upon a way which I am reſolv'd to proſecute, and if it take effect, ſay once a Woman's undertaking may proſper————and we may be ſaid to ſhare in wit, as well as in your ſorrows; but till that opportunity happens, I have a rare old Fool in Limbo, a precious vigorous Lover, of Threeſcore and odd, who thinks our low fortunes may make me ſtoop to his unlawful deſires——'tis Sir *Gregory Love-much*——ſee here what a precious bate his Traps are furniſh't with to catch diſtreſſed Virtue.——

Mr. *H.* 'Tis a rich Ring —— but where have you beſtow'd that lump of Leachery and Impotence?——

Mrs. *H.* In my Cloſet, —— he's diſguis'd like a Porter, do what you pleaſe with him—— [*Sir* G. *makes a noiſe within, crying out, ſcat, ſcat whore—within.*

Sir *G. L.* Hell and the Devil, out Cats, out.

Mr. *H.* What's the matter with him——

Mrs. *H.* See if you pleaſe— [*Gives him the Key, he opens the Dore—ſlipt aſide, Sir.* G. *runs out—a Cat is ſeen.*

Sir *G. L.* Gad take me, Madam,—Is your Husband gone?—a confounded Spawn of the Devil has almoſt frighted me out of my wits; I wonder what makes people fond of Cats, when their young they are abſolute Succubuſſes, and Witches when old——your Tabby Satan, a Pox on her, has made me impotent with her looks, and I am at preſent perfectly bewitcht——but I ſhall return to morrow, ſweet, with

new joys and vigour, when these Charms are ended.

Mrs. *H.* Provided my Cat be not in the way——

Sir *G. L.* True, Madam,——therefore pray let me prevail that Puss and Husband may be decently removed, for the sight of either will make my Ague fit return.——

Enter Hadland, *meets Sir* Gregory *going out.*

Sir *G. L.* Ha! her Husband, then world farewel, for now I shall be kill'd.

Mr. *H.* How no Sir, what are you?

Sir *G. L.* A poor fellow, an't please you.——

Mr. *H.* Stay friend, I must speak with you before you go.—Sweet heart——Ha, a Letter, from whence came this?——

[*Snatches the Letter.*

Sir *G. L.* Now welcom Death——he'll discover all——

Mrs. *H.* Nay, prithee Husband restore my Letter agen, 'tis from our Cousin in the City——wou'd have me——

Mr. *H.* How in a man's hand?——

Sir *G. L.* A Plague on it, that I cou'd not counterfeit a Womans hand——

Mrs. *H.* One of her Apprentices writ it for her——

Mr. *H.* Do not tell me Stories—I partly know the hand; therefore will read it.——

Mrs. *H.* But there are some secrets in it which she conjures me not to let any one see——

Mr. *H.* Yet her Apprentice might write 'em—Now I am resolved to read it.——

Sir *G. L.* Now I am past all hopes, I shall be kill'd for being my own Pimp——Pox on him, he's poor, consequently desperate, and undoubtedly he'l cut my Throat, that he may be hang'd, and be out of his misery.

Mrs. *H.* You see, Sir *Gregory*, what a misfortune your stay has brought upon us.——

Sir *G. L.* Ay too late, I see Madam——were I well off of this business, the Devil shou'd have Married Wives for me; the very thoughts of their Husbands coming up, does in the midst of Enjoyment pall the appetite so, that half the pleasure's lost.

Mr. *H.* A secret indeed, which you of all the world shou'd have kept from me——Is this the fruits of your pretended sanctity?

ſanctity? are all your admonitions of Patience come to this? muſt I be made the monſter to maintain your luſt, ungrateful, falſe Woman?——this now confirms what I too much have heard abroad, concerng you and Sir *Gregory* that Goat, but I ſhall ſpoil the Amore.—— [*Sir* G. L. *endeavours to ſteal off.* How now Rogue, whether ſo ſlyly——this too 's the Bawd to that Sir Fifty——but I'le reward you e're you go.——

Mrs. *H.* Upon my knees, I begg——

Mr. *H.* Riſe, not a word, out of my ſight, go——for fear my paſſion make me raſhly act what I may too late repent of——prepare for the Country to go to your Relations agen——for here, I Vow never to live longer with you,—— out of my ſight——go—— [*Exit Mrs.* Hadl.

Sir *G. L.* Then ſhe 's my own, I'le meet her at the Coach when ſhe is to go, take new Lodgings, and give her a falſe name, and the dear delights of the Town will eaſily prevail with her to ſtay and embrace my offer; beſides, 'tis the Common practice of divorc't Wives to have Gallants under their Husbands Noſes——ha ſhe's gone, I like not his ſtaying.——

Mr. *H.* Now Sir, for your reward, thus I make [*Beats him.* acknowledgment, for I can ne're expect to be out of your debt.

Sir *G. L.* Hold, Sir hold, oh hold, what means your Worſhip——

Mr. *H.* To pay you for your pains.——

Sir *G. L.* I was paid before I came Sir; there's Porter paid, writ on the Letter, Sir——

Mr. *H.* Now, Sirrah, take this and deliver it to that Dog of a Knight, or I'le cut your Throat——

Sir *G. L.* Lord Sir, do you queſtion it Sir? I am an honourer of your Worſhips——

Mr. *H.* Tell him if he meets me not, he muſt expect to be poſted for a Coward——

Sir *G. L.* Gad for give me a Challenge? very fine, what have I got, to day a dry baſting, and to morrow muſt be run through the Lungs—— [*Aſide.*

Mr. *H.* Rogue do you grumble—take that to remember you to ſave your Wind-pipe——

Sir *G. L.* Nouns, I'le do't, I'le do't Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Mrs. Hadland *laughing.*

Mrs. *H.* Is he gone?

Mr. *H.* Yes, with a good baſting, and a Challenge, which I'le undertake will keep him waking beyond the Cure of *Opium* for this Night——

Enter Noble.

No. Oh Siſter, curſed Luck——the Dice and Devil prove my Enemies, my laſt, laſt dear ſtake of ten Guinnies are flown—and now I begin to reflect on our laſt diſcourſe about the Widow, is your deſign perfect——

Mrs. *H.* It is——take no care, for I am reſolved to ſet all right,—and Brother, what I can ſpare, take and try once more, what kindneſs Fortune will ſhow——

No. Thanks kind Girl——but ſtill my mind runs on this damn'd Widow, no revenge, prithee conſider Girl,——

Mrs. *H.* Leave that to my Care——for you are not like to know any thing, till I ſee I ſhall ſucceed——

No. Well, honeſt Soul, I leave it to thy management; but let each other exchange Prayers for our deſigns. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *H.* Now for my deſign, you'l be aſſiſting.

Mr. *H.* I will——

Mrs. *H.* We'le about it then ſtraight——

Wit now perform, what Juſtice could not do;
All ways are juſt, when we our Rights purſue.

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Table. House.

Mr. Gazer, *Widow*, *Mr.* Noddy.

Gazer. WElcom, welcom Widow, to a Batchelor's house here, a single man I, but for two or three Maids that I keep.

Wid. Are you double with them sometimes then, Sir,——

Gaz. An exceeding good mourning Wit, by *Capricorn*——

Mr. *Nod.* I protest Widow y'are a most intolerable profound witty Lady——and so I kiss your paws——

[*Scrapes and Cringes.*

Gaz. Well said, Mr. *Noddy.*

Wid. I am oblig'd to you for your Complement, Sir,——

Enter Sir Gregory Lovemuch.

Sir *G. L.* A curse on *Hadland*, I shall not forget him in hast, [*Shrugs.*

however I'm for the Widow, and will strike up the Match the sooner, that I may send into the Country for one of her Tenants Daughters—for I must have a bit of young flesh.

Gaz. Sir *Gregory!* You honour me——see our Mistress, keep her Company, whilst I step aside and look after affairs—— [*Exit.*

Sir *G. L.* Your Servant Brother Rival ——You see Widow, what power your beauty has to make Rivals Friends and embrace——as thus——Mr. *Noddy*, your Servant.

Noddy. Your Slaves slave, to the third and fourth Generation, Sir *Gregory.*

Wid. Sir *Gregory* you were remiss in your duty to day——

Sir *G. L.* Your pardon, your pardon Widow——but when, when will the blest day arrive that I shall take possession of my treasure in thee, Widow?

Wid. In a day or two I shall make my Choice Sir *Gregory*, and then?—— Sir

Sir *G. L.* And then to bed Widow, ha Lady bright!—— this *Noddy*'s a very Aſs, *Gazer* a Gull.——

Wid. A couple of Fops——but Sir *Gregory*!

Sir *G. L.* I underſtand you, a kiſs for the Conceit ſake, Widow.

Nod. A murrion on him, how my mouth waters——what a curſed thing is modeſty.

Enter Gazer—*with his Tenants.*

Gaz. If conceit will ſtrike the ſtroke, have at the Widows Plumb-tree, I'le put 'em all down for a Banquet, Widow, and Gentlemen, my Friends and Servants, I make you wait long here for a Batchelor's pitance——

Wid. Oh Sir, you are pleas'd to be modeſt——

Gaz. No by my troth Widow, you ſhall find me otherwiſe.

Muſick plays ſoftly—Enter Tenants with a Banquet, Twelve Diſhes with ſix Men, being the Twelve Signs.

Wid. How's this? the Twelve Months for our Plates, and the Twelve Signs for our Treat,

Gaz. Theſe are the ſigns of my Love Widow—

Wid. I am ſorry you ſhould be at ſuch Charges, *Sir*, to feaſt us a whole Month together——

Gaz. Widow th'art welcome a month, a year, for ever to me——

Wid. What are thoſe brought in the Banquet?

Gaz. My Tenants they ſtand for Faſting dayes.

Sir G. L. Or the weeks in Lent.

Gaz. Y'are in the right, Sir *Gregory*, ſweet Widow take your place here at *Aries*, that's the head ſign; a Widow is the head till ſhe is married——

Wid. But married, what is ſhe then?——

Gaz. The middle, the middle Widow——*Sir Gregory Love-much*, pray ſit here at *Taurus*, they ſay y'are a good Town-Bull.

Sir G. L. Spare your Friends, *Sir*——

Gaz. Mr. *Noddy* don't fall back ſo——here's *Gemini* for you *Sir*; for you had two chopping Boyes by your laſt Wife—

Noddy.

Noddy. No harm in that, *Sir*, the Widow may like me the better——

Wid. But, *Sir*, methinks your *Signs* are not perfect, your Tenants would do well to help fill the Table——.

Gaz. By th' Maſs it's true, Widow——Tenants for once ſit down with your Hatts on; but ſpare the Meat I charge you, as you hope for new Leaſes, I muſt make my *Signs* draw out a month yet, with a bit every morning at breakfaſt, and at *Full Moon* with a whole one; that's reſtorative, ſit round, ſit round, and do not ſpeak good Tenants, You may be bold enough, ſo you eat but little: How like you this, Widow? —

Wid. It ſhowes well, *Sir* ——

Gaz. By my troth, Widow, I'm ſick that day my Table's empty; I wiſh ſome Gheſt or other to fill that gapp there——

Wid. Indeed the Feet for want of covering may catch cold, and then the head will quickly feel it——

Gaz. Why then you may draw up your Leggs and lye rounder together.

Sir G. L. In troth, Madam, my Neighbour's a Notable Wagg——

Wid. His Witt encreaſes with his eating.

Enter Mrs. Hadland *in Man's Cloaths, comes in ſinging.*
Mrs. Hadland *diſguis'd like her Serving-man.*

Mrs. H. Gentlemen, your Servants.

Gaz. Another Suitor? then *Piſces* will be covered.

Mrs. H. Madam, youl'e pardon my Intruſion; I heard your mirth, and thought a ſober Gentleman might be admitted to partake——

Wid. There needs no excuſe, *Sir*, and with that Gentleman's leave I intreat you to ſit and do as we do.

Gaz. Young Gentleman pray ſit, Y'are heartily welcome by *Ceres.*

Wid. Pray make room for the Gentleman——

Gaz. Sit ſtill Tenants, I'le call in all your Old Leaſes, and wrack you elſe.

Mrs. H. Sirrah, Take my Hat and Sword——

Wid. Then *Sir*, you mean he ſhall ſit as he comes?

Gaz. I, and he were a Lord he shall not sit above my Tenants, I'le not have two Lords to 'em, so I may look for my Rent in another man's breeches.

Mrs. H. Gentlemen sit still, I'le disturb no body, but here take my fortune——

[*Sits down at the lower end o'th Table.*

Gaz. If you love Fish, pray fall too, Sir; had you come sooner, you might hapned among some of the Flesh signs, but now they are all taken up; *Virgo* had bin a good Dish for you, had not one of my Tenants bin somewhat too busie with her.

Mrs. *H.* I'm extreamly pleas'd with my Fortune here, Sir, 'tis the conceited'st Banquet I ever met with——

Sir *G.L.* What say you to a bit of *Taurus?*

Mrs. *H.* The Bull's too rank for me——

Sir *G.L.* How Sir?

Mrs. *H.* Too rank, *Sir?* does it offend you?

Sir G.L. Forbear, or I shall strike you as dumb as your watery Kindred——

Mrs. *H.* With your heels or horns?

Sir G.L. Perhaps with both——

Mrs. *H.* It must be when I am asleep then.

Mr. H. It's a brave Girle, and nobly managed. [*Aside.*

Gaz. Hold Gentlemen, for the sake of Mankind let not the Planets fall out; for if they destroy one another, what a world of abortive births, we shall have——Sirrah, run and fetch my Sun Cupp, his Beams shall disperse these clouds of Contention.

Wid. Sir, I make it my request to you, to sit——

Mrs. *H.* Madam, you are obey'd——

Wid. Each look I take encreases my desires, such charms I never saw before; and shou'd he not be a Servant, my hopes will be all defeated. [*Aside.*

Gaz. How is't Widow? Gentlemen chear up, fair weather in all Quarters; the Sun will rise anon, I've sent for him—— Oh here he comes—Sing sirrah, sing the Song I gave you.

Enter

Enter a Servant with a great Cup like the Sun.

Man ſings.

1.

Come fill to the brim, for the Sun does go round,
And viſits the World in a day;
Our glaſs is our Sun,
Through our World he does run,
And each little drop is a Ray.

2.

As the Sun with his Rayes does ripen the Earth,
And guild all the World with his Light;
So powerful Wine
Our Witts does refine,
And ripens our Joyes to delight.

Gaz. Now fill it to the Widow——

Wid. What's here a Sun?

Gaz. It does betoken, Madam, a chearful day to ſome body.

Wid. Gentlemen, my Service to ye all; for ye know the *Sun* muſt go through the Twelve Signs—— [*She drinks.*

Gaz. Moſt witty Widow, you jump with my Conceit; there's not a hair between us.

Wid. Give it Sir *Gregory.*

Sir G. L. I am the next through whom the Golden flame muſt ſhine, the poor Feet there muſt wait and cool a while.

Mrs. H. My time will come, Sir——

Gaz. So round it goes——
Fill it him again, Sirrah——

Nodd. Fill't me? why I drank laſt, Sir.

Gaz. I know you did, but *Gemini* muſt drink twice, unleſs you mean that one of 'em ſhould be choak't.

[Noddy *drinks agen.*

Nod. Well Mr. *Gazer*, y'are a merry Man——

Wid. Fly from my heart all variable thoughts; she that's entic'd by every pleasing object, shall find small Pleasure, and as little Rest—— [*Aside.*

Sir *Gregory Lovemuch*——

Mrs. *H.* With your pardon, Madam, is this Sir *Gregory Lovemuch?*

Sir *G. L.* I am, Sir, I dare own my name——

Mrs. *H.* There's a rank Villain bears that name; are you of that Family, Sir?

Sir *G. L.* How, Sir?

Mrs. *H.* Nay Sir, by Heav'n stit still—leave roaring, I intend anon to bait you——

Gaz. Yet agen? if you love me Gentlemen, let's have no roaring here— If I had thought of this, I'd have sent my Bull to the Bear-Garden.

Mrs. *H.* Sirrah, commend my Love and Service to the Widow, desire her Ladiship to taste that Morsel—

Layes Sir G. L. *Letter on a Trencher, and Mrs.* H. *carries it to the* Widow.

Mr. *H.* This is the Bitt I watch't for all this while. [*Aside.*

Sir *G.* And wherein has this name of mine offended, that you are so liberal of your infamous Titles? I am a stranger to thee, but it must be known Sir, e're we two part——

Mrs. *H.* And good reason Sir—— I don't intend to end so calmly with you; for my pretious Sir, I design to cut your Throat.

Wid. Oh strike me dead! what's here—this should be your hand, Sir *Gregory.*

Sir *G. L.* Undoubtedly, 'tis one of the Letters I sent to you, Widow.

Wid. Much good may do ye Gentlemen— [*Rises.*

Nod. Niggers, noggers, what ailes the Widow——

Gaz. The Widow paints White, some *Aqua Cœlestis* there, quickly——

Wid. Oh Treachery unmatch't, unheard of Villany!

Sir *G.* How do you, Madam?——

Wid. O impudence! does my Disease ask how I do? can it torment

torment my heart, and look with a freſh colour in my face?

Sir *G.* What means the Widow?

Gaz. What qualm is this, Madam? I hope my Ram does not ſtick in your ſtomach.

Wid. No, but an Old Leacherous Goat, a falſe Villain does—He that wou'd know a Villain when he meets him, let him look here; Here is a Glaſs will reflect his perfect Character—— Oh thou preſerver of my ſtate, pray tell me, Sir, [*To Mrs.* Low. that I may pay you all my Thanks together, what bleſſed accident brought that Letter to your hand, which has been long kept ſecret from me in my Enemies power?

Mrs. *H.* Pleaſe you to retire, Madam, I ſhall unfold this Riddle——

Wid. Thou Baſilisk to Virtue out of my ſight, and ne're come near me more—— Gentlemen pray come in and partake of a Story which may prove beneficial to you— } [*Mrs.* H. Wid. *Exeunt.*

Gaz. and *Nod.* We follow, Madam——

Nod. Niggars, Sir, why don't you budge?—s'heart thruſt him out.

Gaz. Out of my dores thou treacherous Fox——

Sir *G.* All Curſes ſcatter you—— [*Exit.*

Gaz. Do you thunder? if you had ſtaid I'd have made bold to have ript out ſome of my Bull out of your belly again——

Noddy. Now for the Widow, ſince the Knight's remov'd, I am reſolv'd to get drunk, infuſe confidence, be very rude, and then they ſay a Widow will yield.

Gaz. Come, Brother Rival, let us to the Widow, and learn of her what Treachery this is—— [*Exeunt.*

Mr. *H.* Thus far my Wifes deſigns are ſucceſsful; now to my Charge, I muſt find out her Brother, and bring him hither to my Wife; what ſhe intends I know not. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE the Second.

Sam.

Sam. My designs work rarely! well, if I go on and prosper, my Statue, when I dye, shall be set up in Brass with an Inscription, *Here lyes the Machivel of Love Intreigues*—The two Young Blades are close at it on a wrong scent, whilst the Old Men are ready to dissolve with joy.

Enter Sir Oliver *with a* Dutch *Boy.*

Sir *O.* Oh come, come, are you there, Sir?——

Sam. Life! what's the matter now? [*Aside.*

Sir *O.* There's a new Reckoning come in since I saw you last.

Sam. Pox on't, I thought all had bin paid, I hate after-reckonings. [*Aside.*

Sir *O.* Pray come near Sir, let's be acquainted with you—

Sam. You honour me too much, Sir.——

Sir *O.* Sirrah, Y'are impudence is great, nay you have bin bold enough too with my purse abroad, if I am rightly inform'd; by Gogmagog if it be true, I'le have thee hang'd, drawn and quarter'd.

Sam. Who, I bold with your purse, Sir?

Sir *O.* Yes you Sirrah—did not you bring me word about Ten Weeks since, my Wife was dead?

Sam. Yes, true Sir, very true Sir.

Sir *O.* Pray stay, Sawce-box, and hear me out; and did not you likewise say, That with the Money I sent to defray my Wifes Charges, she being, as you did aver, dead, you brought home my Daughter, whom by accident you met with at *Antwerp?*

Sam. Right as can be, Sir, I never found your Worship in a false Tale yet.

Sir *O.* I thank you for your good word, Sir; but I'm like to find your Worship in two at once.

Sam. I should be sorry to hear that, Sir.——

Sir

Sir O. I believe you Sir—within this month my Wife was alive (which a *Dutch* Merchant, Father to this Boy who was juſt now with me, will juſtifie), ſo there's ſix Weeks of your Ten abated.

Sam. Strange! how men are grown to lying; that it is falſe, I'le juſtifie it with my life, Sir: I'm ſure, poor Lady, I dropt a Tear over her Grave; ſo did my Young Maſter too—if this Merchant were here, I'de tell him to his face that he wears a double Tongue; that is, *Dutch* and *Engliſh*—will the Boy ſay it, Sir?——

Sir O. Yes that he would, could you underſtand him, for he ſpeaks nothing but *Dutch*.

Sam. All the better, I'le gabble ſomething to him— [*Aſide Hoiſte kaloiſte kalooskin ſe vou, Dar Zun alla gaskin?*

[*To the Boy.*

D. Boy. *Ick wet neat watt hey zackt, Ick vnverſton eme neat.*

Sam. I thought as much——

Sir O. What ſayes the Boy?

Sam. He ſayes his Father is troubled with an imperfection at one time of the Moon——

Sir O. Does the Boy ſay ſo?

Sam. I knew there was ſomething in't—your Wife alive! will you believe all Tales, Sir?

Sir O. But Sir he told me he ſaw this Wench you brought home, at *Antwerp* in an Inn: he tells me I am plainly couſened, and that ſhe's not my Daughter.

Sam. All's diſcovered——how Sir, not your Daughter? I muſt to't again.

Quisquivikin Sadlamara alla piſskickin ſows clows, hoff toſte le cumberſhaw, bouns buſs boxſeeno.

D. Boy. *Ick an ſawth no int hein clappon de heeke, Y dinke vte zein zennon.*

Sam. Oh ho! *zein zennon!* I thought I ſhould find it out at laſt; The *Boy* ſayes they never came near *Antwerp*, but a quite contrary way, round about by——*Parma*.

Sir O. What means he by *Zein Zennon, Sam?*

Sam. That is, he ſaw no ſuch Wench in an Inn; 'tis well I came ſo opportunely to get it out of the *Boy* before his Father comes:

comes: pray be wary Sir, the World is subtle, come and pretend a charitable business, meerly to work out a piece of mony on you.

Sir O. Mass art advis'd of that?

Sam. The Age is cunning, Sir; besides, a *Dutchman* will live upon any ground, and work Butter out of a Thistle.

Sir O. Troth thou sayes true in that; they're the best thrivers in Turneps, Cabidges, and Hartichokes, our *English* are not like 'em.

Sam. Oh fye Sir, whe the Treat that a States-man of *Holland* gives, would either choak or starve an *English man*, dryed Stock-fish, pickled Herring, or the like, Sir.——

Sir O. Sam. ask him from whence they came when they came hither.

Sam. That I will, Sir—*Culluaron lagooso, lageen, lagan, rufft, punkatee.*

D. Boy. *Nime aweigh de cack.*

Sam. What, what? I cannot blame him then.

Sir *O.* What says he to thee?

Sam. The poor Boy blushes for him, he tells me his Father came from making merry with certain of his Countrey-men, and he's a little steept in *English* Beer; there's no heed to be taken of his Tongue now.

Sir O. Why this is strange, how cameſt thou by all this? the Devil take me if I heard him speak above three words to you.

Sam. Oh Sir, the *Dutch* is a very wide Language, you shall have Ten *English* words go to the Explaining of one *Dutch*—— As for example, *Gulldergoose*—there's a word for you, Master.

Sir O. Why what is that same—*Gull*——*Gull*——*Gulldergoose*, ha?

Sam. The English is—— *How do you and all your Generation?*

Sir O. Why 'tis impossible, 'tis impossible, man——

Sam. Thus I prove it by the Explanation, Sir,—*Gull—how do you? der, and, Goose,—your Generation.*

Sir O. Methinks the Language is a little sawcey——*Goose*, my generation—quoth a? but sirrah, how came you to understand *Dutch* so well?

Sam.

Sam. By going to fetch home my Young Miſtreſs, Sir, we had in our Company a Young Frokin, who taught us it in a trice, Sir.——

Sir O. What in a moneths time?

Sam. I'le undertake, Sir, in a Fortnights time you ſhall ſpeak as good *Dutch* as any Native of *Holland*, if you would learn, Sir—I ſhall be tript anon—pox on't wou'd I were fairly off—
[*Aſide.*

I le go ſeek out your Son, Sir; You ſhall hear what Thunder he'le bring with him——

Sir. O. Do ſo, for I le have ye all face to face——

Sam. Cuds me what Elſe, Sir,—If you take me ſo near the Net agen, I le give you leave to wring my Neck off—— I am corre off fairly: We are undone in *Dutch*, all our Three months Roguery is come over in a Butter-Firkin. [*Exit.*

Sir O. By Gogmagog an intricate bus'neſs this; I am ſo loſt between two Tales, I know not which to truſt,—The Boy is the likelieſt to tell truth; for he is not yet old enough to underſtand iniquity——but then why ſhould the Father tell me a lie, he gets nothing, certainly expects nothing; but by my troth if he does expect, he gets nothing of me, and ſo much good may it do him——but however, I'le in and examine the buſineſs further—— [*Beckons the* Dutch *Boy.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mrs. Hadland *and her Man—Husband.*

Mrs. *H.* I Have ſent in to the Widow——

Mr. *H.* Thou plyeſt thy buſineſs cloſe—— the Coaſt is clear yet——that was a good ſurpriſe you put upon Sir *Gregory*——

Mrs. *H.* I found him the ſenſibleſt Fool of the three to whom the Widow was inclin'd; therefore ought to be remov'd——be ſure, Husband, to ſtand Sentinel, and let me have warning when they come, and I'le rout 'em all——

Mr. *H.* I'm gone my Witty Sweet—— [*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

Servant. My Lady, Sir, begs your pardon for making you wait, and she will be with you so soon as she has dispatcht some of her Tenants come from *Kent.*

Mrs. *H.* Thank you Sir, 'tis fit I should attend her leisure. [*Servant Exit.*

Those were my Tenants once, but what relief now; yet e're we part, Widow, I shall have full revenge——Your heart is mine already, and when the whole Cargoe's in my power, I'le hoist my sailes, and with my streams playing in the Aire, make to the bleſt Harbour of repose——

Enter Mr. Hadland.

Mr. *H.* Wife, the pair of Fools are come just now lighted out of the Coach,——

Mrs. *H.* Now to your duty—for I shall deal a little roughly with you, but you must not take it ill; for my obedience is in my Pettycoat Pocket, and not about me at present.

Mr. *H.* Use me as you please——

Mrs. *H.* I hear 'em coming—help me a little—Now step back and be very ceremonious—Where be those Fellowes, who looks out there? Is there ne're a Rascal in the way to conduct the Gentlemen in—— I find I am like to be finely served among ye, but I shall set a new face on the house e're it be long—how sneakingly do you stand there: but I shall make you flye to receive and execute Commands, before I have done. [*Beats Mr.* H.

She pulls off Hat, Crevat, Garters, and makes as if dressing her self.

Enter Noddy.

Nod. This is most insupportable! what beating your Man! hold Sir, what mean you?——

Noddy *goes to keep Mrs.* H. *from beating, and she beats him.*

Mrs. H.

Mrs. *H.* I begg your pardon—Gentlemen your Servant—Sirrah call your Mistress, tell her I wonder she stayes so long? Gentlemen you must pardon Womens frailties, their decking and trimming themselves, make 'em often commit such rudeness.

Nodd. How's this? nay then we are chous'd——and I have spent both time and money to a fair end——

Star. What a new Lord in the Widows house?—would I were fairly off; for I'le lay my life he has struck the Widow in a fair Planet——let me see, let me see——*Venus in Cauda*? then 'tis too true, for that's a damn'd Leacherous Planet.

Noddy. Sir, Your Servant—— [*Offers to go.*

Mrs. *H.* By my faith you shall not stir till you have seen *Isbel*, make haste and desire your Mistress to come down——

Mrs. *H.* She desires to be excus'd, Sir, the Milliner has brought Gloves to show her——

Star. How plain *Isbel*? Then I know how the world goes; ay, ay, too true, he has *Isbell'd* her——a Pox on these Widows, there's no trust in 'em——

Mrs. *H.* They are gall'd——the Rogues begin to sneak—

Noddy. Come, let us steal off, and take no notice of him, for he'l jear us to death should we stay——Love is not by desert, but such fluttering half-witted Hectoring Blades are the only taking men with you buxome Widows——come away.

Mrs. *H.* What, Gentlemen are you for the Wine-Cellar?—Sirrah conduct 'em down, by that time you have drank your Mornings draught *Isbel* will be ready——

Noddy. Spare your Wine Sir, I beseech you——for since the Widow is dispos'd of——we have no business here.

Gaz. I'le see the Wine in a Drunkard's shoe first, and drink't after he has brew'd it——Hang her, let her go, she's fitted yfaith; a proud domineering young Coxcomb——he'l quickly rattle her bones, and go to Dice with her Money, or at least pick up some common Orange-wench, set up her Coach, gay Cloaths, teach her to confront his Wife, and laugh Modesty out of Countenance, or I have no skill in Astrology; if he is so sawcy now to call her plain *Isbel*, he'l be Birch and Whore before a Month comes about—— [*Noddy* and *Star. Exeunt.*

Mr. *H.* They have given you the slip——

Mrs. *H.* Hang 'em ——there are three rubs past——and now for the Widow. Thus like a younger Brother I'le begin my fortune, put on impudence, talk wantonly,——and ruffle her luſtily.

Mr. *H.* But if ſhe ſhould yield, what then——

Mrs. *H.* Well conſider'd; to prevent that, you muſt ſtep in moſt officiouſly, and interrupt us——but ſhe's coming——

Mr. *H.* Adieu witty Wife, and I le be ſure to ſtand Centinel. [*Exit.*

Enter Widow.

Mrs. *H.* My life, my Dear! [*Runs to her and Embraces her.*

Widd. I fear I have tired your patience with my long ſtay Sir——

Mrs. *H.* Who wou'd not be devout, and out-wait patience, when ſuch a Heaven is the reward——but Widow, y'are indebted to me——

Widd. As how, I pray——

Mrs. *H.* I love you Widow; nay, laugh not, for I expect return, or look to your ſelf, for I'm reſolv'd to ſue thee in *Cupid*'s Court, and there I know what decree will paſs——

Widd. But if I would compound, pray Sir, what will ſatisfie?

Mrs. *H.* The endleſs enjoying thy ſweet ſelf, Widow, nothing leſs——

Widd. So by compounding a ſmall Debt I may run into a greater——

Mrs. *H.* Your credit will be the better, there's many a young Blade would give you half the purchaſe to truſt you,——nay, and pay uſe for it.

Widd. Some of thoſe roaring Bawdy talking young fellows would be idle, were it for ſuch intereſt.

Mrs. *H.* Then 'tis a match——Come Widow, ſhort ſervice, a kiſs and to bed, for I am deſperately hungry yfaith——

Widd. Y'are in great haſte, Sir——

Mrs. *H.* 'Troth Widow, I have an excellent ſtomach——and to provoke thine, know, that my kiſſes are Virgins, embraces perfect, ſtrength ſollid, love conſtant, but to come to the point, all extaſie, rapture! *Wid.*

Wid. Since you value your ſelf on your honeſty, I'le put you to't Sir,—Will you ſwear you never knew Woman——

Mrs. *H.* By all that's good, and by thy ſweet ſelf I ſwear, that never as Man I ever yet knew Woman——but if we do not agree, faith Madam, I expect you keep it ſecret, for it may ſpoil my future being; for a ſober man is more ridiculous in this Age, then he was priz'd in the laſt——

Wid. How his mein and wit ſurprize me——Well, I find I ſhall love him; for I am very apt to believe what he ſays——

Mrs. *H.* Are you conſidering whether you may believe me or not, Madam——then take altogether——for I add further, that you are the firſt Widow, Maid, or Wife I ever made love to——

Wid. There's ne'r a Jury of young Women in Town that were to view you, but would be inclined to find you guilty—therefore, Sir, I am apt to believe there is ſome ſecret reaſon, and not Devotion keeps you from it——

Mrs. *H.* None by Heav'n—I kept it in reſerve for thee——

Wid. For Me, Sir?—

Mrs. *H.* Where can I beſtow it better——[*Sings and rumples the Widow.*

Wid. What means this inſolence and rudeneſs, Sir?

Mrs. *H.* Fye, Widow, fye, 'tis pleaſing violence, that begets delight.

Wid. I'le call my Servants, Sir,——

Mrs. *H.* Do, and I le uſe thee ten times worſe even before witneſs, and then thou art my own Widow——Come, come, dear, ſweet, inticeing Widow, we muſt withdraw——we muſt yfaith, now, now, or never Widow.

Enter Mr. Hadland.

Mr. *H.* Does your Worſhip call?

Mrs. *H.* Pox on you Dog, are you peeping? [*Throws her Hat at him.*

Thanks good *Tom*, thou cameſt in the critical Minute [*Aſide.*

Wid. But Sir, let us breath a while, what Encouragement have I given you to make you thus confident and forward, Sir?——

Mrs.

Mrs. *H.* Love, powerful reſiſtleſs Love——you ſee what Mad-men you Women make us — Come, Madam, few words, kind conſent and no Ceremonies are moſt pleaſing——

Wid. Well, I cannot withſtand, for I begin to grow as impatient as he is, within there who waits?— [*Enter Mr.* Hadl. If Mr. *Gazer* and *Noddy* are below, bring 'em up.——

Mrs. *H.* I've loſt my Widow, I fear, there are but two ways that I know, which leads to a Widows bed; they are, Wealth and Impudence——Now if I have took the wrong, how I ſhall curſe my ſelf; here they are, now love if it be thy will. [*Aſide.*

Enter Gazer *and* Noddy.

Wid. Gentlemen, y'are welcom, I am now fully reſolved to chooſe one of ye here, let me ſee——but firſt, Mr. *Gazer*, you are a judicious Aſtrological Perſon, do the Stars ſmile to day? if not, I will defer my choice.

Gaz. Let me ſee —— Oh the beſt time in the world, Madam; for juſt now *Mars* being Lord of the Aſcendant, is entering into the houſe of *Venus*—about three Minutes three quarters after Eleven this morning——

Wid. That's well——and Mr. *Noddy*, your judgment of that perſon walking there, what think you of him.

Nodd. What I think?—Why I think he's well made, has a aiery mein, I believe he has a pretty Judgment, for his Trimings and Cloaths are not very contemptible——but I believe he's a Whore-maſter, for he has notable waggiſh Eyes.

Wid. Then bear all witneſs, this is the Man whom I have choſe to be my Husband——and ye will infinitely oblige me if you come to my Wedding, and ſo your Servants. [*Exit.*] [*Mrs.* H. *ſtruts and Sings.*

Nod. } The Devil go with you——
Gaz. }

Gaz. I ne'r ſuſpected my Almanack till now.

Mrs. *H.* Now Gentlemen, I can give you a true invitation and welcom, before 'twas but a flouriſh; but you ſee Fortune will be the bold Adventurers friend——

Gaz. That I ſhould over-look this damn'd Eclipſe of the Moon,

Moon, which was this morning, tho not visible to us; but I wish it may have power here, and by a forked Influence, make him beat her, she Cuckold him, he turn her out of Doors, and with her Estate maintain a Whore—— [*To* Noddy.

Nod. Amen say I,——Sir, your Servant, your Servant.

[Gaz. Nod. *Exeunt.*

Mrs. *H.* A fair riddance of a brace of Fools.

Mr. *H.* But see your Brother's come——

Mrs. *H.* I intend to set his wit to work.

Enter Noble.

Mr. *H.* Sir, this is my Master.——

Nob. You see, Sir, I have obey'd your Summons sent me by your man, and now I wou'd know your pleasure?

Mrs. *H.* Thus receive your welcom, Sir,——and now I have a request to you.

Nob. Name it, Sir, if it consists with honour, and within my power you may conclude it granted Sir——

'Tis for your Sisters sake I make it.

Nob. You have named the deareſt friend I have, and I can deny nothing is desir'd in her Name.

Mrs. *H.* 'Tis this, that you would honour my Wedding, which is to be to Morrow, with some small entertainments of your wit——and you are void of all Excuses; for I have been an ear witness of your Sisters frequent commendations of your parts.

Nob. You oblige me with the Injunction; Is it with the Lady of this house you Marry, Sir?——

Mrs. *H.* The same——

Nob. Then I must recall my promise Sir——

Mrs. *H.* Your reason,——

Nob. Her last Husband was an extorting Villain, and has undone our Family, and now enjoys what is mine and my Sisters due.

Mrs. *H.* But Sir, for her sake, comply for once——She shall not know who you are, but shall be obliging to you—and your Sister too to my knowledg will give you thanks.

Nob. You have prevail'd, Sir——

Mrs.

Mrs. *H.* Pray Sir, be pleas'd to walk in, that, I may recommend you to my Wife that muſt be——

Nob. I wait on you, Sir,——Now if I ſhould in my Sifters abſence ſtrike up the Widow——Gad I'le try——and this will be a good opportunity to attempt it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sanders, Clarina.

Sand. Madam, I pitty your misfortune, and if there be any thing wherein I can ſerve you, you may command it.

Cla. You are all obliging, Sir,—My Husband is now below, trying what he can do with his Mother, who is unexpectedly arrived, after being reported to have been dead two years—

Sand. That was a contrivance of my Friend *Santloe*'s, occaſion'd by your Beauty, which had ſuch an Influence over him, that he ventur'd a Fathers Anger to oblige his Paſſion——

Enter P. Santlow, Sam.

P. S. Oh friend, Fortune begins once more to ſmile upon my Actions, and has favour'd me in this laſt Enterprize beyond my wiſh——

Sand. As how—Prithee inform us, that we may partake your joys——

P. S. Honeſt *Sam.*——

Sam. Who helps a lame Dog o're the Stile as well as the beſt.

P. S. Put me upon perſwading my Mother to make my Father believe, that my dear Wife here is my Siſter; but the reaſon ſhe knows not——

Sam. And my Miſtreſs, like a kind overjoy'd Mother to ſee her white Boy, moſt readily conſented,——ſo that, Madam, if you at laſt ſhould not be well gifted by Nature, as the reſt of Females are, with Diſſimulation, all our deſigns are ſpoiled, and you muſt trudg to *Antwerp* agen; for as ſure as death, my old Maſter will turn ye both out of Doors.——

Cla. 'Tis an hard task for me, however I'le endeavour, what is't I wou'd not undergo, or ſuffer, for my dear Husband's ſake—— *P. S.*

P. S. They are coming—Now Sweet heart carry thy ſelf—bravely now——and let fortune do her worſt—for we are for ever happy.

Sam. I'le withdraw—— [*Exit.*

Enter Sir O. Santlow, *Lady* Santlow.

Sir *O.* And have I thee in my Arms agen? Look ſee, I weep for Joy——had I my Daughter too; but the *Dutch* Merchant told me the thing I have of their bringing over was a Servant in *Antwerp*, and not my Child——

La. *S.* They cannot deceive me, Sir, let me ſee her, and I ſhall ſoon diſcover their cheat, if it be one—— Now heart hold, and let my tongue for once belye thee—— [*Aſide.*

P. S. Take courage Love——

Cla. Laſs how I tremble!——

Sir *O.* See there, Sweet heart, what a piece of fleſh they have brought me, that is the creature would be my ſuppoſed Daughter; but by *Gogmagog*, if ſhe is a Cheat, I'le have her ſtript and whipt through every Pariſh, and croſs the Seas till ſhe arrives to her old Kitchin at *Antwerp* agen.

La. *S.* Bleſs her Eternal Powers! my life, my comfort, and my nine years grief; but now my joyes, thrice welcom to thy Mothers arms, 'tis ſhe, my Daughter—receive your Child, and thank Heaven for her wonderful reſtoration——

Sir *O.* What, what's this?

P. S. Kind Mother——I ſhall love Diſſimulation for thy ſake, who would not, that heard thee ſwear, conclude this not Counterfeit.—— [*Aſide.*

Sir *O.* My Daughter! it cannot be——no, no, I ſhall ne'r believe it——

Sam. Down on your knees—— [*Aſide to* Cla.

La. *S.* Riſe into my boſom, and receive a Mothers bleſſing.

Sir *O.* Soft Wife, ſoft, have a care how you place your bleſſing; for the *Dutch* Merchant who came over with you, affirmed, he ſaw her a Servant at an Inn in *Antwerp*—

La. *S.* She was ſo, Sir,——I often ſaw her there; but ſeeing ſhe had acquir'd to an honeſt way of living, I would not diſturb her reſt by diſcovering her misfortunes——forgive

me truth, if I abuse thee with a false story, since 'tis to preserve mutual love betwixt an injur'd Father, and beloved Son.

Sir *O.* Daughter *Clarina!* Let me kiss thee wench——This unexpected joy has forc't tears, and my heart's so full with this surprize, I know not what to say——My joys are now compleat, and this days happiness has countervail'd all my past years of sorrow for my long lost dearest Wife, and Daughter——

Mr. *Sanders* here, by *Gogmagog*, the Girl is yours.

Sand. I'm proud of this mighty present, Sir, and thus I hug it as Misers do their Gold.

P. S. I hope, Sir, I may be once more credited.

Sir *O.* Honest, honest Son, I have wrong'd thy faith; but thou wilt pardon me, I hope; old men are apt to suspect Youth for Wags, that was the reason.

Sam. Now I may securely venture my head out of my Covert. [*Aside.*

Sir *O.* Where's *Sam:* that honest merry fellow? I must have his pardon too.

Sam. Look you Sir, I am very merciful, good natur'd, and prone to forgive; and to show that I have no malice in my heart, if you have another Wife or Daughter to find, and Money to spend, I shall be very ready to serve you, Sir——

Sir *O.* Come hither, Sirrah, let me hugg thee, and take my Curse from your Knave's Shoulders.

Sam. For Heav'ns sake do, Sir, I feel it on my blade here, your Curse is at least ten Stone weight, and a pound over, Sir.

Sir *O.* I'le do thee right Boy, I ne'r knew thee but speak honest *English*, marry in *Dutch*, I found thee a knave lately.

Sam. That was only to hold you in play, Sir, till further proofs came over.

Sir *O.* By *Gogmagog*, I love a harmless wit with my life——Well, 'tis my Girl, methinks her Eyes, Nose and Mouth strangely resemble her Mothers there——ay, ay, 'tis she, and there's an end; however I'le try further——Wife, Wife, prithee now kiss me, do I say— [La. *S. Kisses him.*

Clarina, be obedient, and come and buss your Father——

[*Kisses her.*

Very

Very good, 'tis ſo, now I'le ſwear 'tis ſhe; for they have both the ſame way of kiſſing too; now Wife, ſince I find that my Daughter is my Daughter, I'le proſecute my firſt intention, and this Gentleman ſhall have her for his Wife.

Sand. I am proud of the honour, Sir,——

Sir *O.* Obſerve Wife, obſerve, he is one that handles his Tongue as well as moſt men, a very Genteil Perſon, and as pretty a Spark as e're made love, or kept Miſs, I le ſay that for him——I'le be ſworn by his looks no one wou'd take him for an Eunuch—— [*Aſide.*

Sam. My deſign ſucceeds as I cou'd wiſh— [*Aſide.*

Sir *O.* Nay, I have not forgot my Son too, for I have found a Wife for him, it is the Widow *Landwels* Neice, the Daughter of old *Morley* lately dead, her own fortune, it's true, is none of the greateſt; but her Aunt queſtionleſs will give her a ſwingeing Bleſſing when ſhe dies; it is the ſame Maid *Eugenia*, that was Nurſt with our *Clarina*; well, it is a pretty creature by *Gogmagog*, ſhe's a Noſegay of Beauty and ſweet Conditions, how ſay you to't— Boy—ha?——

P. S. The Bleſſing will be greater than I could ever have expected, Sir,——

La. *S.* What fortune was this! that I ſhould come ſo opportunely to ſee my happineſs compleated in the Marriage of my two Children.

Sir *O.* Well thought on Wife, I had almoſt forgot, we are invited to the Widows Wedding, with a bold brisk young Spark that has clapt her on board yfaith——Do you and your Daughter put on your Hoods and Scarfs, and we'l expect you below in the Parlor; come, Mr. *Sanders*, come along with me—— [*Exeunt.*

Manent Peter Santloe, Clarina, *La.* Santloe, Sam.

P. S. Oh Mother, I am ſo tranſported with thoſe new Joys, you kindly have created, I know not which way to begin to pay my Duty.

La. *S.* But Son, the more I look on her, the more thy Siſter runs in my mind.

P. S. Perhaps ſhe's like her, that will carry on the Cheat the better, Madam.

La. *S.* I muſt examine her——of what Countrey and Parentage are you?

Cla. Of *England*, Madam,—— and many are the afflictions I have undergone——ſo that my Parentage I have forgot——

La. *S.* If it will not renew your ſorrows, give us a ſmall relation of what has paſt.

Cla. So much as my memory will give me leave——for I was not above ſeven years old when my Mother carried me beyond Sea, which was about ten years ſince, with a deſign to put me into a Nunnery; but by the way to *Antwerp*, we met with Robbers, who ſtript us, convey'd me from my Mother into a Wood; but they having committed ſeveral Outrages, were perſued by Soldiers, ſo they left me, and I wandring about, came at laſt to *Antwerp*, and was received by the Miſtreſs of an Inn, where I continued a Servant till this Gentleman perſwaded me to come to *England*.

La. *S.* Oh my bleſt fortune! my deareſt Child, thrice welcom to my Arms——

Sam. S'life if this ſhould prove his Siſter now—— [*Aſide.*

P. S. Look you Mother, my Father's gone——now you may be plain——

La. *S.* I am ſorry he is—but I'le haſt to him to confirm what before I only for your ſake averr'd, but did not then know the truth.

P. S. But I hope you are not in earneſt Mother, that it is my Siſter.

La. *S.* Witneſs Heav'n it is your Siſter——

P. S. Hold, hold, good Mother——Kill not your Son——Why I am in love with her Mother, and have made her my Wife.

La. *S.* But now your love muſt end as to Marriage, and with a Brothers Eyes you muſt look upon her——Come Daughter, let us go down to your Father, who ſhall redouble his joys when he ſhall know the Truth——

Cla. Heav'ns! I love him ſo, I cou'd wiſh my ſelf any thing but his Siſter——farewel for ever Love, ſince thus I am deceiv'd in my firſt deſires. [*Exeunt.*

P. S. My Siſter, that Northern blaſt has nipt my blooming joys——muſt all my Courtſhip, Expence and Conſtancy,

ay,

ay, Conſtancy, *Sam.* be jilted by the reſurrection of a long loſt Siſter.

Sam. A Pox on her, ſay I, ſhe was ever a croſs Brat when ſhe was young, and now ſhe has liv'd in ſpight to croſs your love.

P. S. It cannot be my Siſter——for I find no alteration in me, I am in good temper, and my mind's not ſhook at that dreadful name of Siſter——therefore I am certain there is ſome damn'd riddle in't, which we cannot at preſent expound.

Sam. To make us wiſe enough, Sir, let us to the Widows Wedding, drink briskly, and then with nodding gravity unfold this myſterie if it be one.

P. S. Agreed——

Tho Love was cruel, Fortune has bin kind,
Since I, a Siſter in a Miſtreſs, find.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Gregory Lovemuch, Gazer, Noddy, Noble.

Nob. COme Gentlemen, ſince you are pleas'd to honour me with acting my little Eſſay of fancy, pleaſe you to retire and dreſs, for they are ready to enter.

Sir *G.* Worthy Sir, we follow you——

Nob. I ſhall attend you within. [*Exit.*

Gaz. By *Mercury*, a neat contrivance, Sir *Gregory* I applaud your wit.

Noddy. Tis a profound device, an extravagant fancy, and an inſupportable deſign; and Sir *Gregory*, I am in an intollerable Conſternation of your *Penicranium*——

Sir *G.* This will be a brave opportunity to affront her for deceiving us——are all perfect in their parts, Rail and ſpare not, for that is all that we are like to have for our Expences on the Jilting Widow.

Gaz.

Gaz. I am ready in mine——

Nod. And mine is *in Capite.*

Sir *G.* Let us in to dreſs then——Widow, look too't, we'll all your ſcorns repay.

Gaz. Your Sun of Joys ſhall be Eclips'd to day.

Nod. Your Market ſhall be marr'd too, as they ſay——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sanders, P. Santloe, Clarina, Eugenia.

P. S. But prithee tell me, art thou in earneſt, my Siſter?

Cla. So our ill fate will have it, but ſo much I love, that I cou'd wiſh I were not.

P. S. Pox on Kindred—like noble Savage, I wou'd range and chooſe my Miſtreſs where I pleas'd——now muſt ſacred Love be curb'd, and pleaſures loſt, and all long of dull fantaſtick Law.

Cla. We muſt ſubmit, for Reaſon tells us it wou'd be a Sin, ſhould we purſue our Love——

Sand. Friend, I can but pitty thy misfortunes in loſing of a Miſtreſs, but muſt congratulate your Joyes in finding of a Siſter. Now, fair *Eugenia,* ſhall I at laſt receive the fair reward for all my Conſtancy? ſpeak kindly, and return my love with yours——and then I'm happy——

P. S. Faith Madam, yield—do not caſt away a handſom proper man, for ſo ſmall a toy; my Siſter here has bin more kind to me, than hitherto you have prov'd to him——

Euge. My Aunts to rule my fate, and I muſt chooſe a Husband with her liking, I'le make it known to her, and if ſhe approves of it, Heav'n knows, I can enjoy no greater happineſs——for without bluſhing, I confeſs, I love——

Sand. Oh my kind Saint!

P. S. Sanders, to your Poſt, ſee where they come——But do'ſt hear, prithee do not make love to her, for by Heav'n, tho ſhe's my Siſter, I ſhall grow wondrous Jealous, and conſequently quarrelſom. [Sand. *goes to* Cla.

P. S. *to* Eug.——

Enter

Enter the Widow *as Married to Mrs.* Hadland, *Sir* O. Santloe, *Lady* Santloe, *Mr.* Hadland *as a Serving-man, and Attendants.*

Wid. Come my long wiſht for Lady, your happy return is a ſecond feaſt to me.

Mrs. *H.* Ye'are all moſt freely welcom——

Sir *O.* We thank you, Sir——

Mrs. *H.* But is my Brother, do you ſay, ſo much in love with my Widow? [*To Mr.* H.

Mr. *H.* I overheard him but now complaining on his deſtiny that ſhould make him ſo deſperately in love with your Enemy, that I thought he would have rebelled againſt himſelf, there's ſuch a mighty feud between the two old Enemies in his Breaſt, *Love* and *Honour*.

Mrs. *H.* Laſs poor man—I wiſh he had my place to day, he is abler than I to perform the duty that belongs to a young Widow.

[*Muſick Sounds.*

Mrs. *H.* Come Gentlemen, pray ſit—that worthy friend of yours, Madam, is pleaſed to entertain us for a while, and now I ſuppoſe they are ready to enter——

[*They ſeat themſelves.*

Enter Noble.

Nob. Madam, here you may before-hand read the Argument of what I do deſign——Now Love, prove but ſo kind to inſpire her with an equal flame, make her a true Widow, and my young Spark I ſhall ſoon graft on your Stock— [*Aſide.*

Wid. Ha, what's here? a Letter inclos'd, this muſt be conceal'd till a fitter time to be read—— [*Aſide.*

We are oblig'd to you, for this Nights diverſion, and ſhall ſtudy a requital——If my young Blade here proves a faſhionable keeping Husband, this Gentleman, if his Letter ſpeaks of love, ſhall not long languiſh, nor deſpair——for I like him ſtrangely—— [*Aſide.*

See here, Sir, the Argument is pretty——

Nob.

Nob. Good, ſhe has convey'd the Letter as I cou'd wiſh, now half my toyle is over—Madam, they are Entering——

[*Soft Muſick.*

Then a thing like a Globe Aſcends, Sir Gregory Lovemuch *ſitting on it, in an habit repreſenting fire——On each ſide the Stage, aſcends* Noddy, *repreſenting Water, and One repreſenting Earth*——Gazer *Deſcends, who repreſents Air*—Noble *goes behind Sir* Gregory Lovemuch—*to promp him.*

Nob. The flame of Zeal——
Sir *G. L.*——The wicked fire of Luſt
Does now ſpread heat through Water, Air, and Duſt.
Nob. Ha! He's out at the beginning——The wheel of Time

[*Behind* Gaz.

Gaz. The Devil ſet fire on the Diſtaffe——
Nob. What a Devil means all this?—— [*Aſide.*
Sir *G.* I, that was wont in elder time to paſs
For a bright Angel, now am made an Aſs,
And ſo corrupted with the upſtart fires
Of hated Avarice and hot deſires,
Which in unlawful ſheets were kindled firſt
By forward Girls, falſe Wives, and Widows luſt.
That I, even Fire, who pureſt Gold did try,
From theſe baſe heats, my ſelf can't purifie;
I once was reverenc't, Charity did thaw,
And did keep up the Hoſpitable Law,
But ſtead of me, a Baſtard heat now burns,
And to ſupply my Landlord's luſt, it turns.
Now Matron *Widow's Leachery* ſo great
They ne'r conſult their years, *but luſtful heat*
And wed young Fops that may *perform the feat.*
Nob. Heart! Who ſhould this be?—— Some Rogue—— but I'le let 'em take their ſwing—and afterwards will be fully Reveng'd.
Wid. Upon my word, Monſieur Fire is a notable hot Satirical Blade——
Mrs. *H.* What ſhould my Brother mean to rail ſo— [*Aſide.*

Gaz.

Gaz. After this heat, you Ladies fat and fair,
Open your Caſements wide, and take in Air;
But not that Air, falſe Women make up Oaths with,
No, nor that Air Gallants perfume their Cloaths with;
I am that Air that keeps about the Clouds,
None of my Kindred were ſmelt out in Crouds;
Yet ſome there are that are my Chief Polluters,
Widows that falſifie their faiths to Suiters,
And will give fair words, when the Sign's in *Cancer*,
But at the next remove a ſcurvy Anſwer;
Come to the poor mens Houſes, Eat their Banquet
With ſmock-fac't Boy, at Night be toſt in Blanket.
He that believes a Widows word ſhall fail,
When *Venus* Gown-skirt ſweeps the Dragon's Tail;
Fair weather the firſt day ſhe makes to any,
The ſecond Clowdy, and the third day Rainy;
The fourth day a great Storm, Lightning and Thunder,
A Bolt ſtrikes the Suiter, a Boy keeps her under.

Nob. 'Tis ſo, ſome Raſcal's crept in on purpoſe to diſgrace me; but I'm reſolv'd they ſhall ſhare in my diſgrace——[*Exit.*

Sir *O. S.* By *Gog Magog*, a notable ſharp Air this, Madam——

Wid. He has perfumed the Room well——

Sam. A man may ſmell her meaning two Rooms off, tho his Noſe wanted reparations——

Mr. *H.* Prithee ſtep out, and know what his meaning is, is this the Entertainment I promiſed to my ſelf?——

Mr. *H.* His love ſure has made him mad——but I'le go know the Cauſe—— [*Exit.*

Noddy. Now Gentiles all, ſince fire has made ye hot,
Come bath in me, for I'm a Water-pot:
Water's my Name, I come your Pipes to fill
Without the Charge of Water-houſe, or Mill——
But firſt, I will a Widows Cheeks beſprinkle,
Which glow with heat, her lecherous Eyes do twinkle.
And I'le endeavour too, to lay the duſt
Of Widows hot deſires, and boundleſs luſt,
Then will diſplay her ſhame——From ſuch as ſhe
I firſt took weakneſs and inconſtancy;
——

I sometimes swell above my banks, and speed,
Widows are oft with Child before they Wed.
Where I'm least seen, there my most danger lyes;
So in those Parts hid most from humane Eyes:
Her heart, her love, or what may be more close,
I know no Mercy, she thinks that no loss
In her poor Gallants, Pyrates thrive in me,
I help to Cast away, and so does she——

Mrs. *H.* Curse on his Wit——I am all confusion—— [*Aside.*

A Man. Earth stands for a full point, me ye shou'd hire
To stop the gaps of Water, Air, and Fire.
Your Husband lov'd me, he lock't me in his Chest,
I was the only Idol of his Breast.
Now he is dead——
He shall have Gold, enough to glut his Soul,
And as for Earth, I'le stop his Cranes throat full.
With ease a Miser's appetite we please,
But Lust in Widows, is a damn'd Disease.
And proves the most insatiate avarice.

Sir *G.* And now to vex you, Widow, to your face,
See, since four warring Elements, embrace.

Thunder and Lightning.—Enter five or six like Devils. Water and Earth are let down to the middle with two Devils—Fire and Air, are carried up half way into the Air, with two Devils——

Sir *G.*
Gaz. } Help, help, help; Murder—Murder——
Noddy.

Sir *G.* Widow, for Heav'ns sake, intercede for us to the Devils——

Noddy. Oh law, what will my Mother and Sisters say, when they hear I am carried away by the Devil.——

Nob. Who are ye, discover your selves then?

Gaz. By *Charles's Wain*, don't you know me?

Noddy. Why look you, d'ye see, it is I, it is I.

Wid. My old Suiters, we are all oblig'd to you, my Masters, you have taken great pains to make your selves Ridiculous——

culous—ha,—ha,——Pray Sir releaſe 'em for my ſake——

Nob. You may Command, Madam, let 'em down there—

[*They are Releaſed.*

All Suit. Thanks good Widow.

Sir *G. L.* Whe faith ſince we were to loſe you, Madam, we thought loſers might have leave to ſpeak, and therefore by offering our Service to this Gentleman, we got this opportunity to ſpeak a little of our minds to you——

Gaz. And I think we have pretty freely, and at our own Coſts too; for I owe Money for ſome of the Painting——but the Planets are ſufficient to pay the Painter——

Noddy. If ever I court Widow again for your ſake, may I be made a Piſſing-poſt of, well, I find Widows are confounded inſupportable witty Devils.

Wid. We are all oblig'd to you, Sir, for this diſcovery.

Nob. My ſhame, Madam, urg'd me to contrive ſome way to diſcover the Authors of my diſgrace——But, Madam, to divert you I have brought a Servant of mine to entertain you with a Dance——

Mrs. *H.* I am indebted to you for this favour, Sir——Pleaſe Gentlemen to walk in and partake of a ſmall Collation, and then, my Dear, we will retire to ſurfeit on Loves ſweets——

All. We follow you, Sir——[*Exeunt.*

Manet Noble.

Nob. Curſe on ill luck! What a Devil ſhould be become of this Siſter of mine, had ſhe not promiſed to get the Widow for me, I had not ſlipt the opportunity which now is irrecoverably loſt, ſhe's Married! now the Pox or Impotence be his Curſe, for I cannot with patience ſee my ſelf thus chous'd—ha——here comes my brisk Bridegroom——good, I have thought on an excellent way, if poſſible, to retrieve her——I'le wheadle him to drink, make him damnably drunk, ſo conſequently impotent, and a Widow diſappointed, turns Devil, will ſue a divorce, and then ſhe's mine——

Enter

Enter Mrs. Hadland.

Mrs. *H.* Oh Sir, moſt opportunely met——are you alone?——

Nob. Yes, Sir,——Your Pleaſure——

Mrs. *H.* I am come to——cut your Throat.

Nob. How Sir!——cut my Throat, you'l give me a reaſon, Sir, for it, I hope——

Mrs. *H.* I ſaw what amorous glances paſt between my Wife and you at Dinner, and ſince too I have diſcovered that which has rais'd ſuch a Storm within me, that nothing but thy death can reſtore my former calmneſs——

Nob. Jealous by this light——I hope he has not met with my Letter I convey'd to the Widow—— [*Aſide.*

Heav'ns Sir, what jealous on the firſt night!

Mrs. *H.* I am all rage with jealouſie, your Letter, Sir——ſee there the reaſon, Villain, and then judg if I can pardon ſuch an injury——Therefore prepare to yield up either Life, or Love——

Nob. Nay, Sir, ſince you have diſcovered my paſſion, then know I do, muſt, and will love your Widow, nay, dote upon the ſight of her, and yet no harm to you, ſince you poſſeſs the wealth, you cannot barr a longing ſtander by, to wiſh and ſigh, ſince you know 'tis in vain; therefore I will perſiſt——ah 'tis a charming Creature!

Mrs. *H.* Hell and Furies! ſhall I ſtand tamely ſtill, and hear a fellow boldly to my face proclaim my Infamy?

Nob. A fellow, Sir! Provoke me not, I ſay provoke me not; if you do, by Heav'n, if poſſible, I'le cuckol'd thee before thy face——

Mrs. *H.* This is beyond all patience, baſe Villain draw——

Nob. Piſh Sir, your little Bodkin frights not me, ſee I have one can match it——Yet I believe thee V-liant, or ſuch a little whipper-ginnie durſt not have been ſo deſperate to have ventur'd on a longing Widow——

Mrs. *H.* How, Sir, have at thy heart!——

Nob. Good Child, thou art too forward,——reſerve thy vigour for another place, it will be little enough, I'le engage——for young, Sir, there can be no compariſon between you and I, in love affairs——

Mrs.

Mrs. *H.* How mean you Sir?

Nob. You may perhaps be well enough for the Theory, to cringe, and whine, and wheadle your ſelf into a Virgins heart; but a Widows wiſe diſcerning Eye muſt of neceſſity read here the only man that's fitteſt for the Practick part——

Mrs. *H.* Heav'ns! Do but hereafter look upon her with one pleaſing glance, and I'le damn thy Soul.

Nob. A Bully in Swadling-clouts by this light, 'tis the youngeſt Hector I ever met with in my life——a gad, little Squire, were ſhe the great Turk's favourite, I'de look and gaze altho I knew my death ſhould follow, and let me tell thee, had ſomebody been true to their promiſe, your fortune had been mine——therefore, little one, you may thank my croſs Stars for your good ſucceſs. A Pox on an abſent Siſter—— [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *H.* How Sir, oblig'd to you? Oh inſupportable! thou baſe detracter of my honour, who not only would ſupplant my love, but blaſt my reputation, and make me undeſerving of a Ladies favour.

Nob. If you come to that point, Sir, what can you boaſt of, ſhould be ſo attractive? I muſt confeſs thou appeareſt a hopeful Stripling, and I queſtion not you have the pretty impertinents of one of your Age, as Dancing, Singing, affected Geſtures, be peirtly witty, making bold with every new Play comes out, and extravagantly tawdrey in every new faſhion.

Mrs. *H.* Death and the Devil!

Nob. Theſe accompliſhments, I muſt confeſs, may be very ſurprizing to a poor young thing of a Boarding-School, who never had love made to her but by her Dancing-Maſter, or ſome ſuch fellow.

Mrs. *H.* This is beyond all ſufferance—— [*Strives to run at him, he Parryes.*

Nob. This won't do——and now, little one, I'le diſcharge my Conſcience, between you and I, I do verily believe, the Widow that was, and your Wife that is, Married you only for a Drudg or Steward of her Eſtate, while ſhe ſpends it on pleaſures, with ſuch vigorous Blades as my ſelf, and who knows it may be my turn; which if it be, faith

I'le

I le be very reasonable, and Cuckold thee as seldom as possibly I can——

Mrs. *H.* I'le hear no more, but thus will make a passage to thy Soul, for I swear thy Ruine, Death, Damnation——

Nob. Say you so, then 'tis time to look about——and since you provoke me, little one, know this, that if I kill thee, I swear to marry the Widow the next day——

Mrs. *H.* Thus I prevent thy boasting—— (Nob. *makes up to her with his Sword,* *Mrs.* H. *discovers her self.*)

Nob. My Sister! I'm all amazement!

Mrs. *H.* Now Sir, what think you of my design?

Nob. Design quotha! 'twas well you discovered your self, or I had spoil'd all;—but I'm a Dog if I understand what you mean?——you are Married——

Mrs. *H.* I am to the Widow, I knew not how to cheat the Parson, but I question not, but to deceive the Widow e're I sleep——

Nob. As how, as how?—I long to hear——

Mrs. *H.* See, my Husband comes with some intelligence——

Nob. Is that my Brother *Hadland?*

Enter Mr. Hadland.

Mr. *H.* Sir, My Lady is retir'd to her Chamber——

Mrs. *H.* Leave off your distance now, sweet heart, for I have told my Brother all.

Nob. Kind Brother! obliging Sister!——

Mrs. *H.* But Brother, do you like my Widow in earnest?

Nob. Like her! Heavn's! I love her infinitely! were she not Mistress of a farthing, agad, I believe I should have Married her, there's such an aiery sweetness in her face——

Mrs. *H.* Say you so, then along with me, I have one design more, and if that take, we are once more happy——

Nob. Lead on whil'st I follow, and admire thy wit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Ante-Chamber to the Widows, &c.

Mrs. Hadland *solus.*

Mrs. *H.* THus far I am prosperous, Widow, I have not done with you yet; I have wheadled all her Keys out of her Custody, and in her Closet I found the Writing of my Estate, thou dear, dear Parchment, how I am over-joy'd to hug thee in my Arms once more—the Widow comes——

Enter Widow, *undress'd in a Night-Gown.*

My life, my Soul, my only joys on Earth, haste, haste to Bed, that I may be compleatly bless'd with an Heav'n of Pleasures and delight.

Wid. Oh let me embrace the mighty Treasure I have this day gain'd!——

Mrs. *H.* Delay not the Consummation of our bliss, to bed, to bed, my dear, and there we'l surfeit with delights unspeakable.

Wid. I go, but prithee stay not long behind——

Mrs. *H.* I'le but to my appartment, and undress, then fly to rifle all thy Charms——now, Widow, thou art safe—— [Wid. *Exit.*

Hist, Brother, are you ready? ——[*Goes to the Door.*

Enter Noble.

Nob. Kind Rogue, I am——I cannot avoid laughing to think how surpriz'd the Widow will be, well Girl, I'le endeavour to behave my self so, that she shall have no reason to complain, nor you to repent the trick you have put upon her.

Mrs. *H.* Do that, and I am well pleas'd, I believe I am the first Bridegroom that ever procur'd for his Bride the first Night.

Nob.

Nob. The obliging'ſt in the world, and the kindeſt Siſter too.

Mrs. *H.* Away then——be briſk, and diſgrace me not.

Nob. Dear, honeſt, kind, obliging, witty Rogue, adieu——now for the Widow. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *H.* Widow, y'are caught at laſt——
Thy Husband's ſubtleties ſhall be repaid,
Thus Women are by Women beſt betray'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE the Second. *The Hall.*

Sir O. Santloe, Sanders, Gazer, Noddy——Sam.
Drinking at a Table.

Sir *O.* Well done, my friends, put it briskly about——now the Bride and Bridegroom are preparing for bed, let us Drink their healths——*Sam.* give me a Glaſs——Son *Sanders*, top and bottom to you—— [*Drinks.*

Sand. I'le do you reaſon, Sir——Mr. *Santloe*, the Bride and Bridegrooms healths.

P. S. Mr. *Gazer*——

Gaz. I'le Pledg you, Sir, tho by *Aries* the Sign is in the Head with me already, Mr. *Noddy* have at you—— [*Drinks.*

Noddy. Ay, ay, let it come, hang Sorrow, it muſt be drown'd, I find—— [*Drinks half.*

Sir *O.* Nay, nay, Sir, I'le not bate you an ace of top and bottom, off with it, off with it for ſhame, I ſay again, top and bottom is my word——

Noddy. Lay aſide Indignation, Sir, I'le do't, tho I dye for't, but yfeck I have ſo topt and bottom'd it already, I can hardly breath—— [*Drinks it up.*

Sir *O.* Hye, that's he, that's he——What, Son *Peter*, no frollick, no frollick, Sirrah Boy, be merry, or I'le diſ-inherit thee——Ah, when I was of your Age, and at the Temple, I was the Cock of all the Jovial Blades in Town——I was always the Captain of a Temple-Rebellion, broke Benchers heads with the Temple-pots moſt dexterouſly, lye with my Laundreſs, got her with Baſtard, and made her lay it at a Bencher's door, by *Gogmagog*——

P. S. So, ſo, all will out——now ſhall I have pious inſtructions to follow the Example of a ſober Father—— [*Aſide.*

Sir *O.* I have beat Watches, have had my head broke, and been in the Compter ſo often, that it coſt your Grandfather above a Hundred pounds one year to cure my broken head, and to ranſom me from Limbo——and yet you ſee, Sirrah, I am a ſober diſcreet man now——

P. S. Wondrous diſcreet thus to diſplay your weakneſs—— [*Aſide.*

Sir *O.* Son *Sanders*, what ne'r a Song in Budget—by *Gog-magog*, this whoring Age has ſpoil'd all good harmleſs mirth and Company——All the young fellows now a days ſingle out their Does, and retire as if it were nothing but rutting time with 'em —— but in my Days we ſhould not have ſat half ſo long without a Catch or two, and top and bottom going briskly about yfaith ——

Sand. Prithee let's have the Song, you made the laſt drinking bout, and one glaſs more will lay your Father to reſt——

P. S. I have a Song, Sir, which if you pleaſe we'll ſing—but all muſt joyn in the *Chorus.*——

Sir *O.* Yes marry ſhall they, Sir——and ſo will I——but firſt let every one take top and bottom in his hand——

SONG.

1.

COme troul it away,
We'll drink up the day,
Let none from his ſtanding retire,
We'l Laugh, Drink, and Sing,
And Bacchus's *Spring*
We'l drain, and our proweſs admire.
Cho. *We'l Laugh*, &c.

2.

Old Age we deſpiſe
Whil'ſt Wine we can prize,
And briskly can take off our Glaſſes;
Wine, life does repair,
And baniſhes Care,
But Temp'rance wou'd make us all Aſſes.
Cho. *Wine, life*, &c.

3.

Let the Politick fool
Live dully by Rule,
While our Wits we refine in our Liquor,
My Soul's in that Wine
Which puts the Divine
To a Nonplus, and turns up the Viccar.
Cho. *My Soul's*, &c.

Sir *O.* Well done yfaith my Lads——and now off with top and bottom—— [*All Drink.* ho, ho, ho Boys, *Peter* I'le give thee an Hundred pounds a year more for this Boy——

P. S. Say, and hold Sir, that you have often done in your Glaſſes; but has forbid the banes when ſober——

Sir *O.* Oh the ſweet days of Youth——I have roar'd it in my time yfaith——and ſo topt and bottom'd it, that by *Gog-magog* we have all bin top heavy before we have parted—— Now Son *Peter*, ne'r a Jig or Horn-pipe about you? how has my Money bin ſpent at Dancing-School, I pray?—

P. S. He would make me as ridiculous as himſelf—— [*Aſide.* Thoſe Dances are quite out of faſhion, Sir, and Genteiler are now in Mode, *Sarabands*, *Minuets Entries*, and the like—

Sir *O.* Pox on your hard-nam'd Dances and Wine too, they never prove good, nor wholſom——but Sirrah, to convince you, nothing can be finer than a *Lancaſhire* Horn-pipe—— Fidlers ſtrike up—— [*He Dances a Horn-pipe.*

Noddy. I Vow, Sir, 'tis inſupportably admirable——

Sir *O.* Before I left the *Temple*, I was the only Reveller as old as I was; I cou'd have footed the Meaſures, and Danc't Horn-pipes with e're a young fellow of 'em all. *Sam*, Give me top and bottom—Mr. *Noddy*, my Service to you— [*Drinks.*

Noddy. Yfeck I'le pledg you—— [*Drinks half.*

SONG.

1.

Is not John Sanders *dead?* [*Sir O. Sings.*
And is not his Wife a Whore?
For ſhe will go drunk to bed,
And yet ſhe'l have one Pot more?

2.

Our Cat is to be hang'd,
And all to be tumbl'd i'th' mire,
For ſcratching my Wifes Huquiffin,
As ſhe ſat by the Fire.——

Ah, when I was young, I had a thouſand ſuch frollicks as theſe, off with your Liquor man, off with it, I ſay.

Noddy. Top and bottom, as you ſay, Sir *Oliver*, yfecks—
[*Drinks off all and falls.*

Sir *O.* So ho, my Boys, who ſays I am old, ſee there my conqueſt over Youth——this Whoring weakens 'em ſo, they are not able to take of a chirping Cup or two now adays—

P. S. Now *Sam*, thy frollick?

Sam. What grinding of Knives Sir? have at it then—— Knives to Grind, Knives to Grind— { *Takes off his Perriwig, and runs a Chair before him, like a Wheel-barrow.*

Sir *O.* How now *Sam*, what art thou frollicking too—

Sam. A Well-willer to mirth Sir, and now you ſhall ſee me grind Knives as dexterouſly with a Chair, as the Fellows in the Street with a Grind-ſtone—— [*He mimicks Grinding.*

Sir *O.* Well done my Lad——Here's ſomething to encourage thee——

Sam. What's here, a *Newgate* Groat, by this Light he's ſhort lived, he is ſo confounded liberal——ah Sir, this is nothing; I can tumble with any *Bartholomew* Fellow, Run up a Wall like a Cat, but I can act a Breaſt of Mutton ſo naturally, that our Cook-Maid the other night had like to have ſpitted me for one, I did it ſo to the life——

Enter Sir Gregory Lovemuch, *beaten in by a Maid with a Spit*——

Sir *G.* Hold, hold, hold, Murder, Murder——

Maid. Out you old Leacher, invade my Honour?

All. Laugh.

Gaz. Wats the matter, Sir *Gregory*?

Sir *G.* I only deſir'd a kindneſs or ſo, being ſet agog with

the Widows Marriage, and the Baggage had not only the incivility to deny me; but has moſt unmercifully chaſtis'd me too.

Sir *O.* By *Gogmagog* well enough ſerved, for leaving top and bottom——and old Letchery will be catteryauling, tho they are ſure to come by the worſt.

Enter Mr. Hadland——

Mr. *H.* For Heav'ns ſake, Gentlemen, come to the Bride-Chamber, ſome accident or other has hapned; for the Bride cryes out, and ſeems by her Speech to be in ſome ſtrange confuſion.

Sir *O.* It's nothing but her being coy, and yfaith the young Bridegroom ſeems a man of Mettle, and will put her to't, I'le warrant.

All. What ſhould this mean? [*Bride Shreiks.*

Sir *O.* Let us go ſee, I fear my young Blade's too brisk for her——gently, gently good Youngſter, be not ſo boyſterous—— [*Shreiks again.*

Again, what a ſtubborn Baggage 'tis—on my life he is raviſhing her——let us in and ſee Gentlemen—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Laſt.

The Widow diſcovered ſitting on a Bed in a Night-Gown, Noble *in Bed, holding her by the Gown.*

Wid. Heav'n protect me! Villain unhand me——

Nob. I ſay, Widow come to Bed, or I ſhall grow very angry; for I'm impatient, and will not be delay'd any longer.

Wid. Guard me, ye Powers above! Protect my honour, or I'm loſt for ever ſhould my Husband come——

Nob. Whoſe fault will that be; therefore be ſpeedy, let me antedate my young Squire, and I'le be gone——

Nay, no ſtruggling, but yield quietly——I need not a reſiſtance, for I am all on flame already——not yet? agad perſiſt in ſtubbornneſs, and I'le publiſh it in all places that I have layn with

with thee, no matter whether it be truth or no——and then Lady bright, that trifling title Honour, muſt be ſurrender'd; but be kind, and I ſhall be all ſilence and obedience——

Wid. I'le rather dye, than yield ——

Nob. Say you ſo? Then I find I muſt try ſtrength.

They ſtrive, ſhe gets from him —is going out of the Door. Enter Mrs. Hadland *meets her.*

Wid. Ha! my Husband!—— [*Stands amazed, and ſeems diſorder'd.*

Mrs. *H.* What coming for me Widow? This was kindly done——let us to Bed, for now I am ready to perform the Rites of Love.

Wid. What ſhall I do? undone, for ever wretched— [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *H.* What means this ſtrange Confuſion!

Wid. Alaſs, Sir, I'm not well——I was juſt going to call up my Maid, for ſome Cordial——Tis but too true, for my Spirits fail me. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *H.* Such vain excuſes belong to Virgin Modeſty, but Widows ſhould know better —— then, lay aſide this veil, and meet my love with equal flames, that both may be tranſported into Extaſies——

Wid. For ever I am ruin'd—— [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *H.* Sure y'are the firſt Widow ever fear'd th' imbraces of a ſecond Husband—Come, come tremble not—but to Bed.

[*Leads her to the Bed, opens the Curtain, diſcovers* Noble *ſtanding in a Night-Gown upon the Bed —*

Ha! *Noble* here——Hell and the Devil! [*They ſtand Gazing on one another.*

Baſe perfidious Woman, now I ſee the cauſe of your diſorders, was your Luſt ſo hot you could not ſtay till the firſt Night was paſt?

Wid. Good Sir, hear me——

Mrs. *H.* May'ſt thou be for ever dumb, or I deaf, rather than lend an Ear to thy bewitching tongue——Now Sir, how durſt you attempt the diſhonouring of my Bed? Do you laugh? I ſhall ſpoil your mirth——

Nob.

Nob. Who can forbear at ſuch an Idle queſtion——rather Sir, how durſt you Marry, and fondly think to preſerve ſuch a tempting Creature entirely for your ſelf,—— Sir, where I love, I dare do any thing to enjoy; and a Pox on your officious haſt and jealouſie, had you but ſtayed two minutes longer, your buſineſs had been done, and you ne'r the wiſer—

Mrs. *H.* Confuſion! This to my face?

Nob. Yes, faith Sir, 'twas moſt uncivilly done, and very unlike a Husband to intrude; but I pardon you for once, for I hope in time you will underſtand better——

Mrs. *H.* Baſe Villain! Did I for this caſt a friends Arms about thee? gave thee the welcom of a man of Honour? and is this your return of gratitude? Hence, begon, and take that Volume of corrupted Beauty; for henceforth ſhe ſh. l be to me like the Book of Fate, for ever claſpt.

Wid. Wretched Woman, was this the promis'd bleſſing of an indulgent Husband! Speak Sir, and clear my Honour, how you got here; for Heav'n be my Witneſs, I was as great a ſtranger to his being here, as you.

Mrs. *H.* In vain are idle words, out of my doors, for ever I diſcard you from my houſe—

Wid. I find too late your drift, my Wealth (Curſe on it) was the Original of your deſign, take it to ſave my Honour; and what is't I would not give to be rid of ſo baſe a fellow.

Mrs. *H.* I thank you for my own, ſweet Lady —— but I ſcorn to be out-done in courteſie—therefore in return, make you this preſent——provided you'l confirm your Eſtate on me—— [*Gives her a Cabinet.*

Wid. I will—what laugh you at my miſery—[*Mrs.* H *laughs.*

Mrs. *H.* Faith Widow, you are caught; for know, I am already Married to another——

Wid. How Married to another! I'm all aſtoniſhment: Villain, how durſt you attempt ſo deſperate an act; an act by which your life is forfeited? and queſtion not, but I'le have full revenge for this affront y'ave offer'd me.

Mrs. *H.* Rail on, 'tis Muſick in my Ears, but faith you are not like to ſtir till we are friends——

Wid. What's your deſign? who are you——

Mrs. *H.* Come, come, no more queſtions, my deſign was only

only to provide a Husband for thee——how ſay you to my Friend here, methinks he would make an able Husband for a Widow.

Within. Sir *O.* So ho, Mr. *Bridegroom* open the Door, and let Sack-poſſet enter——

Mrs. *H.* How ſay you, Widow, is it a match——or they all enter, and I'le forſwear all I have ſaid, and make you infamous to the world——

Nob. And faith ſo will I, Widow——if you conſent not.

Wid. Hold, hold Gentlemen——What ſhall I do? my Honour this way will be loſt——Leave me to my own choice, you know not what then I may do—

Mrs. *H.* All one for that, Widow, ſo it muſt be——

Nob. Or Egad they come—ſee I am ready to unlock, is it a Bargain?

Wid. Take half my Eſtate, my Houſe, Goods, any thing, rather than force me to ſo raſh an Act——

Nob. How raſh! to Marry an able fellow! this is an affront, I cannot put up; therefore thus I revenge my ſelf——

[*Offers to unlock.*

Wid. Hold, hold Sir, let me conſider but one Minute—

Nob. I'le give thee a looking and a thinking time, that is but fair; for I am certain the more you view me and conſider, the more you'l like me——

Within. Sir *O.* On my Conſcience they are reconcil'd, done their buſineſs, and fairly turn'd to ſleep.——

Mrs. *H.* Now, Madam, what is it you reſolve?

Wid. Not to conſent——

Nob. Egad they come then—— [*Offers to open the Door.*

Wid. Hold, what are you?——

Nob. No queſtions, for Conſcience ſake——

Wid. I yield, I yield——

Nob. Swear then——

Wid. By all that's good, I will be yours——

Nob. Seal it—— [*He Kiſſes her.*

Mr. *H.* Gentlemen, pray enter——

Enter

Enter Sir O. Santloe, P. Santloe, *Mr.* Sanders, *Lady* Santloe, Clarina, Eugenia, *Sir* G. Lovemuch, Gazer, Noddy, *Attendants. Mr.* Hadland *without Diſguiſe* ——

Sir *O.* What's here, two Bridegrooms? I'le warrant her crying out, was, for want of the Second ——

Mrs. *H.* Gentlemen, bear witneſs, I here diſcharge the Widow, from her Marriage with me. ——

Sir *O.* How, parting before ye have bedded? what's the meaning of this?

Mr. *H.* Some private Reaſons, Sir *Oliver*, which more at leiſure you ſhall know ——

Wid. Before theſe Gentlemen, I take him for my Husband.

Sir *G. L.* } The Devil give you Joy then ——
Gaz. }
Noddy. }

Mrs. *H.* See here the transformation —— and Widow in a young huffing Bully, ſee your Friend and Servant *Eliz. Hadland* ——

Mr. *H.* And *Thomas Hadland*, her Serving-man and Husband.

Mrs. H. *and her Husband diſcover themſelves.*

Wid. Am I out-witted by my Enemy then!

Sir *O.* What a notable frollicking Woman is this! Is ſhe the Bridegroom, and my worſhipful Serving-man, are you there?

Mr. *H.* A poor wrong'd Gentleman, Sir, willing to ſerve for his own ——

Sir *G. L.* Pox on her, was it ſhe diſgrac'd me at the Treat, I'le ſteal off before they take notice of me —— [*Exit.*

Gaz. By *Capricorn*, and ſo will I —— [*Exit.*

Noddy. Look you, Madam, d'ye ſee, I have ſpent at leaſt Forty Pounds in Cloaths, Coaches, Journeys and ſo forth, in Courting of you, and ſince you have chous'd me of your ſelf, I expect ſatisfaction—which I will have if there be Law ——

Wid. Take your courſe, Sir ——

Noddy. So I will, by *Jehoſaphat* —— [*Exit.*

Mrs. *H.* Now Madam, no more your Enemy, but Siſter; for I muſt call this Gentleman Brother.

Wid. Then my fortune's better than I could have expected, ſince

ſince I am aſſured he is a Gentleman in all reſpects——and thus all animoſities ſhall ceaſe.——

Sir *O.* Why, now the Bells they go trim, they go trim—Wife, with this Ladies leave, we'l make no more hours on't; for this is as fine a contracting time, we could have wiſht for, and the Parſon to morrow ſhall finiſh this Nights work, come to the Book, to the Book young men——

P. S. 'Slid *Sam*, what's to be done now.

Sam. Your Friend and Servant knows no more than the poſt, Sir——

Sir *O.* How ſay you, Madam, is it a match between your Neice and my Son? do't, and I am reſolv'd Mr. *Sanders* ſhall be my Son in Law——

Wid. I freely conſent, Sir——

Sir *O.* Mrs. *Eugenia*, your hand——

Eug. But not my heart, for that is Mr. *Sanders*'s —— [*Aſide.*

Wid. But with your leave, Sir *Oliver*, I'le joyn 'em——

Sir *O.* With all my heart, Madam.

Wid. Mr. *Sanders*, take this Lady. [*Gives* Eug. *to* Sanders.

Sand. Oh, Madam, bleſt be your goodneſs for this ineſtimable treaſure.

Sir *O.* Cuds boddykins, what means ſhe?

Wid. Here Mr. *Santloe*, in a Siſter find a wife— [*Gives* Cla. *to* Santloe.

P. S. Sure the Widow has dealt with the Devil, or elſe hath heard of our mutual love, and thus ſooths our paſſions— [*Aſide.*

Sir *O.* By *Gogmagog*, the Widow's mad——my Son Marry his own Siſter! what Riddle is this?

Wid. One of Seventeen years ſtanding, Sir——You remember my Siſter *Morly* Nurs'd your Daughter, who at that time had a Daughter too——

Sir *O.* What of all this——

Wid. My Siſters fortunes decaying, ſhe gave you her *Eugenia*, and kept your *Clarina* with her ſelf—afterwards fortune ſmiling on her Husband's induſtry, ſhe on her Death-bed did reveal this ſecret, and wiſht me when occaſion ſerved to make it known——

Sam. Hyeday the Town's our own agen——

P. S. Oh, Madam, this is beyond all president, not to be equal'd——and now Sir, I may with confidence own I was this day Married to my ſuppoſed Siſter.

Sir *O.* By *Gogmagog*, you were a deſperate Boy; how could you tell but that it was your Siſter in earneſt?

P. S. Nature was not ſo dull to let me languiſh for a Siſter, for notwithſtanding what my Mother ſaid, yet love retain'd its native heat, and bad me ſtill love on—— Oh my bleſt Soul—— [*To* Cla.

Sir *O.* Daughter come into thy Father's arms, ſee, exceſs of Joy will make affection melt.

La. *S.* What tears have I beſtow'd on a loſt Daughter, yet left her behind me.

Nob. This is beyond all thought ſurprizing——and now, Girl, ſince your wit has been the kind directer of my Fortunes, with my Widows leave here, freely command whatever's in my power——

Wid. I ſhall comply with you in every thing.

Mrs. *H.* I thank you for your obliging offer, and I ſhall deſire nothing more, but the confirmation of that Portion which your rigorous Husband had deceiv'd my Father of, before he dyed——

Wid. Your generoſity is ſo great I can deny you nothing—— conſult with your Lawyer, and I ſhall willingly ſubſcribe to any thing you ſhall deſire——

Mrs. *H.* } We are oblig'd to you——
Mr. *H.* }

Sir *O.* Cudsboddykins, this was a notable waggiſh trick, and by *Gogmagog*, much like a ſecond Wedding, and I give you joy with all my heart.

Nob. Madam, fear nothing; tho I have appear'd a wild Debauchee; yet you ſhall find an Indulgent Husband——and now, Gentlemen, let us in and congratulate each others good ſucceſs and fortunes.

Thus in the Storms of Fortune you may find,
Where Juſtice is deficient, Wit proves kind.

FINIS.

Epilogue.

Spoke by Mr. *Croſby*.

KNowing too well, Gallants, your natural ſpight;
We bar your cenſuring priviledg to Night;
For your Diverſion, this was ne'r deſign'd,
How can our Author then, expect you kind?
Your malice is ſo great to One unknown
That like the Play, or not, you cry him down,
Who is not one o'th' huffing Wits o'th' Town:
Nay, your ill natures bare ſo great a ſway,
Often ye Damn, befor you've ſeen the Play;
Such Bully-Wits, like Butchers ſhould not ſit,
Nor be impannell'd at the Bar of Wit;
There's ſuch a Native Cruelty in them,
Without a Conſultation they condemn.
Then to Vacation-Cuſtomers *we ſue,*
We have our ends to Night, if we've pleas'd you;
Kind Sirs, let not the Criticks of the Town
Awe ye—— But let your Judgments be your Own,
Conſider well——
Here is no Satire on a Marry'd life,
Nor damn'd Lampoon upon the City-Wife;
No Cheats diſcover'd of the Man of Trade,
Nor who Gallants your Wives are here diſplay'd,
Nor your own ſecret Pleaſures too betray'd:
Then Judg the Play, unbyaſs'd may ye be,
And from the ſnarling Criticks ſet us free.